# THE COMMONWEAL

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# THE CHURCH AND ECONOMICS

IN ONE of the enlightening articles in which Walter Lippmann recently dealt with technocracy, there was a passage which only requires a logical development of its thesis to become a valuable statement of a fundamental principle of Catholic social philosophy. At this time, when the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems has just held its first meeting in New York, it should be helpful to give further publicity to Mr. Lippmann's memorable contribution to our economic discussions. For nothing could be more helpful than practical, effective coöperation among all the forces which are striving for the reconstruction of our disorganized social mechanism. The Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems is preëminently the chief agency for bringing the teaching of the Church to the attention not only of Catholics but of the general public as well. It is axiomatic for Catholics, at least, that our social problems cannot be solved unless the teaching of the Church is accepted and applied. Catholics do not claim a monopoly of social wisdom; they gladly acknowledge what others may be able to contribute to the synthesis of social reform: but they firmly believe that what the Church offers to that synthesis is indispensable to a just order of things. But Catholics are a small minority of the American public. Only a few individuals among them occupy influential positions among the leaders and shapers of public opinion—as legislators, or as industrial or financial leaders, or as teachers or exponents of Catholic sociology. Moreover, only a minority of this minority of political or industrial or financial leaders is itself instructed and enlightened as to the Church's *specific, and modern,* social philosophy. The great mass of American Catholics are blankly ignorant concerning it. These evident facts logically suggest a most important question, namely, what practical hope can there be to bring the neglected, yet absolutely necessary, truths taught by the Church effectively to bear upon our social crisis?

The answer to this all-important question can be found, we believe, through considering the words of Walter Lippmann, alluded to above, together with the legitimate inference that Catholics may draw from them. In his analysis of the claims of technocracy as put forward by Howard Scott, Mr. Lippmann states that these claims rest "upon the fallacious premise that a social system is wholly determined by the quantity of energy it consumes." Reasoning from that faulty premise, the technocrats reached the conclusion that our


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present social system is inevitably doomed to disorganization within a very short period, because, and necessarily so, the mechanization of industrial processes, accompanied by a catastrophic failure of the world's monetary (or "price") system, are beyond the control of any existing social order—except (possibly: but this possibility is merely hinted at) the complete dictatorship of the technological experts. Mr. Lippman comments as follows:

"The error in what Mr. Scott calls 'the basic postulate' of technocracy is the naive logical error of trying to measure a complex whole by measuring one of its parts. It is possible, for example, to weigh all the steel and wood used in building a ship. It may be desirable to do so. But the ship is something more than the weight of steel and wood which constitute it. It is an *organization* of steel and wood which, because it is an organization, can do things that the steel and the wood as such cannot do. So it is with a human being. It is possible to weigh the chemical matter of which he is composed. It is possible to measure the energy he consumes. But he is something more than the chemicals and the energy. He is a living organism. He can direct his energy. He can increase or reduce it in ways which no chemist and no physicist would pretend to be able to predict. He is, if I dare to use the language which technocrats despise, a living soul. Now a human society, being composed of millions of living souls, is the most complex of all phenomena which men attempt to study. That is why political science is, of all the sciences, the least exact, why it is the least able to employ mathematical analysis. To suppose that it is possible to select, from among all the variable elements which enter into social life, one element, such as energy-consumption, and derive all the other elements from it, is not science. It is the mimicry of science. It is a perfect example of what Aldous Huxley, I believe, has called the Higher Unlearning."

Undoubtedly, the point made by Mr. Lippmann touches the crux of the social problem. Technocracy (of the Howard Scott type), or Communism, or any other type of materialistic Socialism, or of materialistic Fascism, or materialistic capitalism, is based explicitly or implicitly upon the fundamental assumption that human beings *are* mechanisms—mere organizations of matter alone, differing from other material simply in chemical content and atomic structure. On the other hand, all schools of thought that accept as a fundamental postulate the belief that every man is a living soul must logically seek other solutions of the social problems of today (or of any age) in direct opposition to all theories, or actual systems, which proceed from the disbelief in man as a living soul. Any form of slavery—or social compulsion derogatory of man's dignity and liberty as a living soul, and of his inalienable rights as a human being which follow from his status as a living soul—must, therefore, be rejected by those who believe and act upon the belief that a man is a living soul.

But, of course, all believers in God must proceed further, and deeper, and higher, and wider than simply to the point—transcendently important as it is—reached by Mr. Lippmann. There are, unfortunately, those who give to the term "soul," or "spirit," a merely metaphorical value, who use it as a convenient psychological expression for the finer or more subtle manifestations of matter. But for those who believe in God, man is truly a soul, as well as an organism, or mechanism, of blood and bone, and nerve and muscle, and cells and chemical compounds—in other words, he is a spiritual being, and, therefore, is not self-sufficing, self-created or wholly self-directed. He is, like all other things in the universe, a creature. He came from God: he lives subject to God: and he must return to God. He may—and all the long history of man proves that he often does—rebel against his Maker, and his Maker's laws. He has free will. But for rebellion he must pay a price. In proportion as he obeys or disobeys his primary obligation of obedience to God, man upon earth truly prospers, or as truly suffers depression and defeat.

All Christians, however, go further than this belief: in which, we think, all believers in God would agree—although, of course, many would give a great variety of meanings, no doubt, to the terms as we have employed them. For Christians believe that Christ, being God Himself, and becoming a man, brought to all mankind the full teaching of God's Divine laws, upon which all human laws, and lives, and social systems, must necessarily be founded if mankind is to fulfil and realize its true life, its real liberty and its lasting happiness.

Catholic Christians go further than this. For they believe that Christ established an indestructible and infallible living organism, His Church, by which and through which man might be taught those laws of God which can never change, provided men themselves so choose to be taught: for upon them lies the awful responsibility of freedom; they are not the slaves, but the children, of God.

So stand the fundamentals of the social problem, as we see them. Again we raise the question, how then may Catholics bring their Catholic principals to the attention, and the acceptance, of their non-Catholic fellow citizens? The Catholic claim to the possession of a social teaching which necessarily (for them) occupies a supremely superior position of authority to all other forms or systems of social, or political, science (because of the infallibility of the Church) is obviously unacceptable to the majority even of those who (like Mr. Lippmann) believe that man is truly a living soul. Nevertheless, the Church itself, speaking through the Pope—expressing a view which every Pope back to Peter has held and acted upon—offers her infallible teaching not alone to her own children but to all men everywhere. "It is our right and duty," says Pius XI, in "Quadragesimo Anno," "to deal authoritatively with social and economic problems. . . . For the deposit of truth entrusted to us by God, and our weighty

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office of propagating, interpreting and urging in season and out of season the entire moral law, demand that both social and economic questions be brought within our supreme jurisdiction, in so far as they refer to moral issues."

The answer to our question can, we think, clearly be drawn from the concluding words of the above quotation. It has become increasingly evident to millions of Americans of late that moral issues are at the bottom of all really important social questions, whether economic or political. Questions that matter supremely to man as a living soul, but which simply would not exist if man were not a living soul—questions of right and wrong, not merely of expedience—must be settled, and settled rightly, before any social problem can be satisfactorily solved. Fundamental morality is the natural law, given by God to all human beings, of which law the normal human conscience is at once the proof and the guide to its healthful operation. Conscience can be ignored; it can be blunted; it can be perverted and become false; but normally it is active, and true, and identical in its operations among all men everywhere, and at all times. All believers in God, all who hold to a belief in man as a living soul, no matter how much they may disagree in particular applications of the moral law, are united fundamentally in holding fast to a belief that there is a law of righteousness, which will work for the good of mankind.

The Catholic Church today is not laying before the world a technical or political set-up, so to speak, of social reform, for, as the Pope says, to do that "she has neither the equipment nor the mission," but she is indeed trying to teach the whole world that "although economic science and moral discipline are guided each by its own principles in its own sphere, it is false to say that the two orders are so distinct and alien that the former in no way depends on the latter." The cure for this error is the most essential social task of today. The Catholic Church not only is the diagnostician of this disease—she proposes the remedy: a remedy in applying which all men and women, provided that their belief is really centered upon God as the Creator of man's living soul, may coöperate without prejudice to their corporate loyalties and allegiances in religious life.

## WEEK BY WEEK

ADOLF HITLER'S emergence as Chancellor of Germany has occasioned a good deal of suprise. Not even journalists familiar with the situation expected this move, although many signs indicated that General Kurt von Schleicher, whose reign had created on the whole a favorable impression, was on the verge of trouble. What does the appointment of Hitler mean? It is at any rate the fourth stage of a movement toward the Right which started in Germany after the Young Plan Conferences. At that time (1929) it was evident that the people of the Fatherland were tiring of Socialistically flavored internationalism and were steadily turning toward nationalistically motivated political action. The Bruening government was the first stage even if, as a result of disagreement with the ultra-conservative groups, it made common cause with the Social-Democrats. It proved to be, on the whole, so wise, tactful and energetic a government that when President Von Hindenburg accepted the resignation of Dr. Bruening in May, 1932, the world as a whole was astonished and alarmed. As the London *Economist* remarked at the time, "The end of the coöperation between Dr. Bruening and President Von Hindenburg is a great misfortune both for Germany and for the rest of the world." The justice of that remark has been borne out by subsequent events. The reactionary cabinet of Colonel Von Papen failed. The far more commendable and promising rule of General Von Schleicher was brought to an abrupt halt. Therewith we arrive at the fourth and Hitler stage.

Hitler at the Helm

THE MOTIVES which induced Hitler to take office at this time and under these conditions imposed are inscrutable. It may be that he is estimating matters from a strictly party point of view. In this case he may figure that if he can remain in office for a month during which nothing terrible happens, a new election on March 5 will find voters more willing than they have been to consider him the saviour of his country. He will, of course, have to make very considerable gains to get a majority of the vote cast. His best showing, made at the November, 1932, election, gave him 36.8 percent of the returns. On the other hand, Hitler may have been frightened into the situation and made a kind of spare wheel to a reactionary movement. Disagreements among his followers, or pressure from moneyed men who have paid big sums into his expense coffers, may be responsible for his action. In this case the Hitler party is sure to split. It was and still is essentially a "workers' party"—a movement joined by hundreds of thousands of poor folk unwilling to adopt a Marxist creed and yet convinced they must do something to escape from poverty and misery. But in all probability Adolf Hitler is too simple and fearless a man to betray the working population. If he finds that what he believes ought to be done cannot be accomplished, he will resign. And the people who made room for him will find the last stages of these things worse than the first.

Resolutions for Women

JUST as we seized our typewriter to announce a regional conference of the National Council of Catholic Women of the Provinces of San Francisco and Portland, in San Francisco, February 14, at which six bishops and members of thirteen dioceses are participating, and to say something of the Catholic Action Week in the Diocese of Denver, a lady here in the East let off a blast that shocked us

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severely. She was a Miss Lena Phillips, president of the National Council of Women, speaking at a convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and, making it clear that she was speaking "to all women," she said that in the present serious emergencies confronting our country organized groups of women were ineffective because "we just pass resolutions." This statement we believe is quite unjust, and due to peculiar circumstances, the injustice of it is not apt to be fully appreciated. From these very circumstances it is apt, indeed, to lead to an unfortunate inferiority complex of women's organizations. Principal among such circumstances is the fact that meetings of any organizations, male or female or mixed, eleemosynary or commercial, are—unless they are merely rubber-stamp conclaves like some political gatherings—fraught with trying tedium, the working and resolving of many minds, and they reach their inevitable conclusions in the passing of resolutions.

THIS is one of the due processes of every social organism except an absolute tyranny; it is an essential labor of democracy—and it is hard labor—if the potential good of our democratic ideals are to function and survive. It is a gross libel or misapprehension to think that the services of our American women today are stopping with the passing of resolutions. We believe every reader from his personal experience will be able to concur that the sense of social responsibility, of social consciousness, has never been more widespread and of a finer type than it is among our women today. As individuals, and the final analysis always depends on individuals, they are socially aware and socially active, active in definite, realistic, immediate ways that cannot be expressed in resolutions, but that can be greatly clarified, and supported, by group resolutions. At the Denver meeting of the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women, for instance, the first two days will be devoted to discussion of internal organization and problems of the Council. These basic requisites of orderly operation being disposed of, the members will discuss on Thursday their effective relation to industrial problems, on Friday, to Catholic Charities, and on Saturday, to child welfare. Not only will they pass resolutions but also we know from a reasonably broad experience, each woman will in the long endurances following in her own community be an active worker for corporal mercy and charity and for a better and happier social order.

THE PAST week has brought news of the deaths of several important writers. George Moore, John Galsworthy, Sara Teasdale and George Saintsbury—the list is impressive and almost suffices to indicate the literary riches of the recent past. Of one or the other of these we shall doubtless have something more formal to say later on. Now it is worth noting that all four were genuinely "artistic personalities." Sara Teasdale was, perhaps, no longer quite modern when she died. Her lyrics, which were almost always based on the principle of lingering over an epigram, bear a curious resemblance to the musical compositions of Edward MacDowell. Both poet and composer seem to have emphasized the delight of American culture in unanswered questions phrased in terms of the beautiful. It is after all the same thing one sees in the memorial which Henry Adams asked Saint Gaudens to erect in Rock Creek Cemetery—the inquiry into the significance of human loss, which the loser himself prefers not to define. For this reason the best work of Sara Teasdale's generation has a very graceful poignancy which recalls the expressive title of one of Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel's books, "Jealous of Dead Leaves." Miss Teasdale was often a very fine poet. But she would—and one says this not unkindly—see to it that her ashes were scattered over the sea. She was conscious of being a note in a symphony, but she didn't know what the symphony was about any more than do her ashes comprehend the waters.

Literature Mourns

SOMEHOW it makes one feel glad, whatever one's prejudices, for the continued existence of the British when one reflects comparatively upon the quite different excellence of George Saintsbury. He was, of course, first of all a prodigious masticator—a man through whose eyes long regiments of printed pages filed, apparently into enduring captivity. To read one of his major works is to marvel at the critical vitality of which some human beings are capable, and he wrote several major works. It was to be expected that one cast on so huge a scale would have huge blind spots also. Saintsbury was prejudiced against democracy, and strangely also against Catholicism. But though this blinded him frequently to the special character of the age in which he lived, it left him wonderfully free to absorb the honey of the past. With it he was, however, never cloyed. There was far too much masculine power in him for that. An American in the same position would eventually have settled back into inoperative exquisiteness—into the innocuous finery of George Woodberry's later years. But Saintsbury scorned all that. His own writing was often as atrociously indifferent to grammar and syntax as a baseball magnate's. Nevertheless it was also stirring, always alive. And one fancies that some of it, at least, will be long remembered.

Health Note

A POSITIVE note that is very welcome is struck by the recent report of New York's Commissioner of Health, Dr. Shirley Wynne, on the 1932 anti-diphtheria campaign. As a result of the determined mobilizing of the health department's forces, in lectures, exhibits, leaflet and poster distribution and house-to-house canvassing, the number of children immunized against diphtheria was increased very considerably; and at the same time, the drop in the num-

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ber of cases of infection and of deaths was actually startling. The official figures show a 58 percent decrease in the first of these categories, and a 67 percent decrease in the second. This is truly magnificent, and it calls out the fervent wish that Dr. Wynne may be even half as successful in his present efforts (united with those of his department, of course) to check locally the spread of that rather virulent type of influenza that is preying on the country this year. They are urging only the most obvious precautions: against uncovered food on restaurant counters and tables, against the purchasers' handling of food in markets, against dry sweeping in public places, against spitting, or unmuffled sneezing and coughing. There are laws forbidding some of these things, and common sense and decency forbid them all. Yet they are so discouragingly prevalent, and yield so little to any form of reproof or indignation that we have ever seen applied, that we should like to see Dr. Wynne invested for the duration of the epidemic with consular powers, and preceded everywhere he goes, if necesesary, by lictors bearing fasces.

South Sea Mutiny

BY THE time this appears, the conclusion to the story will probably have been written, either in the reposession by the white admiral and his seven officers on the pursuing tug, or by the destruction of the De Zeven Provincien by a fuse touched to its ammunition chamber, or the abandonment of the vessel on some palm-ringed beach and the flight of its yellow-skinned crew through the jungle. There is in the story the making of a classic of literature. Probably the truth is not so amusing. As rebellions of all sorts are so immediate in all parts of the world, perhaps this picturesque one far away was not noted by the reader. The admiral and seven officers were ashore at Kotaraja, Sumatra, and in the dark of the tropic night the nine remaining officers were overpowered at the point of bayonets and handcuffed, and the native crew steamed away with the 6,000-ton battleship. The admiral and his seven aides on the tug, 800 tons, with a compliment of twenty marines, is not likely to overtake the battleship, since he was unable to start until sometime rather late in the morning and the battleship is several knots an hour faster. A squadron of cruisers and destroyers is steaming at full speed from Celebes, but this is three days' sail through the dark Java Sea to the Sumatran coast, and who knows where tht battleship will be then? It is reported to be steaming for Surabaya where there was recently rebellion resulting in the arrest of 425 natives. The battleship has two 11-inch guns and four 6-inch guns and is said to be able to shell without effective retaliation the Surabaya garrison. Isolated as this instance is, it is one of a cumulating number on various continents, which indicate that the old white imperialism—called by some "the white man's burden" and as burdensome to peace-loving whites as it has been to the exploited races—is a rapidly crumbling thing.

## THE PRESS AND THE CHURCH

IN COMMON with the confraternity, we are hoping that this year's observance of Catholic Press Month is fervent and productive of good results. The Lord knows that the journalistic world can stand a bit of support just now, though it probably has no especial reason for complaint. People stop doing with many other things before they give up reading. Which is to say reading *in some form or other*. The difficulties which confront the Catholic press are only slightly traceable to the depression. They repose upon a fundamental human tendency to shy away from religious, or more generally philosophic, literature. Of course there have been moments in history when theological books were at everyone's elbow; but even during the middle ages people used every convenient excuse for substituting Ovid.

Large numbers of Catholics will go to Mass frequently, pray with the unction of hermits and cultivate every saint in the calendar, but refuse positively to read anything savoring of religion. We ourselves have observed large and flourishing parishes boasting pamphlet-racks and pastors eager to promote Catholic periodicals, on the outskirts of which newsboys did a thriving business in tabloids as full of lurid sensations as your pet rabbit is of cabbage leaves. And of course, being interested, we have often asked ourselves why this is so. Unfortunately we have not yet found a satisfactory answer. Nor is it likely that one can be found with ease.

Certainly there has been no dearth of official support. Every Pope since Pius X has spoken so earnestly in behalf of a Catholic press that if the average faithful soul listened to the Vatican with a third the zeal he should, the circulations of all of us would jump by leaps and bounds. The bishops of the United States, as well as of every other country, have poured dollars into editorial coffers without a whimper. Again and again, as witness a recent fine and spirited plea by Bishop John J. Dunn, the hierarchy have advocated the reading of good publications. And the average pastor is saddled with more subscriptions than an income three times as big as his would justify. Naturally one can criticize a few methods of procedure. There are churches wherein the press is never mentioned. There are places which pay no attention whatsoever to the Catholic press. There are cases in which an existing paper could invest all the help it gets in T.N.T. and then not have enough to blow up its own plant. But these are rare instances. We know and acknowledge gratefully that the clergy are trained to appreciate the values involved and that they live up to that training as a body with greater magnificence than ought properly to be expected of them.

The trouble is therefore that one can't find a reading *public*. Suppose you buttonhole an individual specimen of this public and say to him: "Do you read a religious paper or periodical? If not, why not?"

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In most cases the answer will not be entirely negative. Yes, one comes to the house. It is full of edifying reading-matter. Yes, yes. The Church has a lot of good writers, and they deserve credit for the splendid work they are doing. This individual specimen is, you may be sure, completely on the side of the angels and willing to give them their due. But suppose the question is pushed. Then the inevitable conclusion will be that the said edifying reading-matter hasn't been read. The specimen is sorry, but he usually arrives home tired and—well, he just doesn't seem to get round to it. That is the situation. Subscriptions are taken, and then the interest dies out.

Now part of this trouble is due to the fact that many individuals are undoubtedly just plain "jipped." They are sold periodicals which have no connection whatever with journalism or literature or anything excepting somebody's desire to devote the proceeds to a worthy venture. Willingness to believe that any amateur can serve the cause of religious writing, devoid of talent though he may be, has done more harm to the "cause" than any other single factor. Good purposes plus bad writing have never yet made a respectable magazine or newspaper. And it is profoundly to be desired that Divine grace (nothing else is powerful enough) will eventually lead us all to see that if the Catholic press is as important as Popes, bishops and *omnes pastores* have said it is, it must be allowed to stand on its own feet and not be made servile to some other purpose.

Our purpose, however, is not to comment at length on such matters. The question is: how shall we overcome the reluctance to do religious reading? Perhaps the answer is that it must always be served with garnishing. Let us attempt to explain. Ah, one sometimes hears, the trouble is that Catholics produce only a series of little weekly papers and monthly magazines. What is needed is one huge interesting daily. With this we do not agree. If the weeklies can arouse no passionate enthusiasm, there is small likelihood that a newspaper appearing every morning would do much better. The assertion is based upon the old fallacy that a change of mechanism can accomplish wonders—the same fallacy which leads a bad cook to believe that she would get on beautifully with a different brand of stove. Yet there is some truth in the assertion. If there existed a Catholic journal possessing the variety, liveliness and good writing which characterize a first-rate American daily, in all human probability it would be widely read. And by way of corollary one may hold that if our weeklies were what they desirably ought to be, an audience could be found for them.

We shall confess immediately that such a statement appears to be a boomerang from THE COMMONWEAL point of view. This weekly admittedly serves a particular purpose. It strives to reach the educated Catholic citizen, interested for cultural or professional reasons in the thought, literature, business and affairs of his day. It strives to offer *primary* information—that is, comment and documentation concerned with underlying, essential things. But this does not lead it to look down haughtily from some imagined eminence upon more "popular" journalism. The fact of the matter is that every COMMONWEAL editor hopes and prays for two things: first, for an increase of the number of his own readers; second, for the emergence of a Catholic press making a genuine appeal to the great majority. Nothing gives them more pleasure than to see the Providence *Visitor,* for example, making real headway with a campaign against civic vice or corruption, or to find that a "snappy" editorial in the San Francisco *Monitor* has hit home. It seems evident right now that not only is there a place for the general Catholic news weekly, but also that this place is already being occupied to an extent not sufficiently appreciated. Here a central news service has helped wonderfully. Its value cannot be estimated too highly.

THE COMMONWEAL likewise believes that its problems do not differ essentially from those which confront other papers. It must strive to be as interesting and varied in its field as others are in theirs. And that is difficult—difficult not only because means are lacking as well as writers, but for special psychological reasons. In the first place, the Catholic press lacks an adequate distribution system. Behind it is none of the high pressure salesmanship which has "made" so many other magazines. You can sell a paper by taxing parishes, as is done in the diocese of Hartford; you can put a missionary into the pulpit and make a heart-rending appeal for a periodical which helps to educate workers in the vineyard. But all such methods have nothing to do with salesmanship, which endeavors to sell a product on its merits. On the whole, we of the Catholic press still have to rely upon the antiquated subscription method, which is rapidly petering out. What we need is distribution at church doors and at news stands, by boys selling at house doors and by venders at street-corners. What we need also is an advertising campaign—a widespread Catholic resolve to let sellers of merchandise know that the buyers have learned about certain products from advertisements in Catholic papers.

It is this salesmanship and this alone which can "put over" the Catholic press. After we had experienced the benefits of it for a while, we should begin to understand the real vitality of our public. What it likes to read would become evident, and our ability to satisfy that like would be tested. A paper is its public. To write into empty space, without being able to visualize the audience, is like talking into a practice microphone. We are fortunate in knowing that there exists an alert and self-expressive COMMONWEAL public. But, like everybody else, we need more of it. And therefore we hopefully conclude: if it has been possible to sell the American people products as varied as bad cosmetics and Pastor Russell lectures, it is possible to sell them something as valuable as good religious journalism. Why not try it?

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# TARDY TECHNOCRATS

By BROADUS MITCHELL

*Technocracy has come and pretty nearly gone. The following paper was written before the decision by Columbia University to disavow the "technocrats," but it seems to us worth publishing as a summary of the ideas sponsored by the movement. Professor Mitchell is able to show, we believe, that the "technocrats" were and are suffering from the "tyranny of the unread." The tendencies to which they object have long since been diagnosed and tentatively prescribed for in the literature which examines the statement that some form of socialization is the logical outcome of capitalism.—The Editors.*

ONE CANNOT remember so much astonishment and questioning being aroused by any group of magazine articles as by those announcing the preliminary findings of the somewhat mysterious organization known as technocracy. Here we have been longing for an end to the depression, and particularly for an end to its most tragic human accompaniment, unemployment. Most of us have not risen to the level of devising or even of thinking about means of exit, but our prayers have been fervent. Our governmental and business guides —the latter in so far as they have peeped at all—have bidden us to be stalwart and patient, if not cheerful.

Now comes along a united group which takes away our last hope. They say there is not going to be any end to this depression so long as we hold to our present social and economic institutions. They do not, mind you, speak of depressions as a series of recurrent lapses made bearable by intervening years of prosperity and progress, but picture this very present business slump as continuing indefinitely and becoming progressively incapable of disappearance. What was to many a wretched defect of our economic system becomes in their eyes its *dénouement*. They talk with a voice of thunder, because they are engineers and they have emerged suddenly from a cloud of mystery and are still partially enwrapped with veils of the unknown. They, like sorcerers, represent the invincible combination of science and shadow. These men, we are told, are physicists, chemists and engineers. They manipulate slide-rules, they talk in energy-units, they employ logarithms, they show their results in charts. We may, for a moment, lend ear to the exhorter, clerical or political, and we may seek escape in the raptures of the poet; but by the engineer we are convinced, and we know before he opens his mouth that he foretells our destiny. We are not informed—we do not need to be —of the names of the gods who inhabit this Olympus of technocracy, nor are their methods of investigation explained to us. It is quite enough that they have "procedures." We are stunned, and ask no questions.

Their fatal finding is that our technology has run far ahead of our social institutions, that our machines are vastly cleverer than our social arrangements, that by applied science we have increased our capacities for production to the point where the demand for producers threatens to disappear. We are solemnly assured that if we should get back to the peak production of 1929 we should scarcely require half the number of workers then employed, because of the advances in technology in the years since the crash. Large plants with complicated processes are constructed to operate without a single person to tend the machinery. Many things which we now make are deliberately designed to be of poor quality, and thus impermanent, in order to keep workers busy; but these commodities and instruments are to be thrust out by others which are virtually everlasting—a razor blade which, so far from being poked in the slot in the Pullman wash-room, is handed down as a heritage to our sons, and an automobile which, barring accident, is good for 300,000 miles before it sees the repair man.

Wealth, as it is envisaged in price economics, is based upon obligations. But the new technology demands that we recognize that wealth is based upon use, upon operation of equipment and not upon its mere ownership. Entanglements of debt, and the vicissitudes which are encountered in debt repayment, dictate temporary stoppage and readjustment, but engineering proficiency plunges constantly forward, so that the rearrangement is rendered obsolete before we are ready to act upon it. The crowded occupants of our social vehicle, twisting and squirming for standing-room, and treading on each others' toes, cry "Whoa!", but the steed has the bit in his teeth and is running away.

Of the preachment of technocracy, so far as it has been made public, I attempt no refutation. On the contrary, I agree with the main contention that the physical has outdistanced the sociological and the ethical and that, in our social insistences, we are trying to move in an ox-cart in the age of the airship. Of the conclusions which have been presented in the form of figures I have no means of judging; many of them seem startling enough, but I am not prepared to say they are improbable.

I assume the rôle of ungracious corroboration. The spokesmen of technocracy declare, and undoubtedly believe, that they have happened upon an epoch-making discovery. Novelty is the note struck in all of their utterances. The fact is that they have dramatized anew a situation and a tendency which have long been understood, and which have formed the theme of intelligent, articulate and zealous reformers for generations. The spokesmen of technocracy are suffering from "the tyranny of the unread." Familiarity with some previous thinking would save them from complacency with their own results, and would protect

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them against the positive error of supposing that the remedial proposals of others have no application to the vexatious circumstances which they set forth.

Mr. Howard Scott, who is the bell-wether of technocracy, is disparaging of Karl Marx. He does not mention Robert Owen. But these two—the latter with benevolent calm, the former with fire—have declared that our collective institutions, and even our private aspirations, are the products of our physical environment. From this starting point, Marx went far beyond Owen. The same wish-fulfilment psychology which Mr. Scott decries, Marx, under the name of futile ideology, deflated. Everybody had witnessed the Industrial Revolution. Marx was successful in showing its portent. After exhibiting the triumphs of technology with an eloquence more vivid than even the charts of our present-day engineers, Marx demonstrated that the new methods of making and distributing things had thrown the old conventions of law and morals into the discard. The old assumptions appropriate to a static society were no good any more, for the world of invention, machinery and capital accumulation was on the move.

Technology, forging ahead in disregard of the drastic effects upon social institutions, brought chronic unemployment in its train, and condemned the workers to increasing misery. Furthermore, the hunger of the new technology was never appeased; in order to live, this organism had to engorge more and more territory for raw materials and more and more populations for markets. In addition, the law of its being was to revolutionize itself, to accomplish a change in degree that amounted almost to a change in kind. This last is the same "New Industrial Revolution" of which technocracy conceives itself to be the prophet. Technocracy makes much of the dynamic character of the recent dispensation, but this was and is the burden of the Socialists' song.

Technology looks upon the prodigious multiplication of industrial energy, and, with affecting pride, proclaims the end of an institutional era. But one should not forget that long ago Karl Marx stood with a friend before a shop window in Regent Street and watched a toy electric train circle its track. "That spells the end," he said, "of the capitalist system."

It is principally the engineers of technocracy, not its economists, from whom we have heard. Let us take this fact as the reason for the apparent failure to go beneath external manifestations and grasp the actuating cause of our vexing situation. Just as the technocrats have done, Marx of course contrasted mechanical advance with institutional retardation. But whereas the engineers complain of the price system, Marx, taking in the embarrassments of the price structure, struck deeper and held up capitalism as the central infection. Price behavior is the pattern left by our uncertain economic footsteps, but it is capitalism which has brought the body to the late stages of locomotor ataxia. Property, not prices, is the bull's eye in the target of the social critic. Prices form an outer ring. Observers more discerning than the engineers of technocracy shoot at the private ownership of the great means of production and at their operation for profit instead of for use. It is the manipulation of invention by private profit seekers—at one time inspiring, at another time curbing—which brings us to grief. When invention is urged forward, we get plenty; and plenty produces poverty. When invention is held back, we eat the bitter bread of unnecessary toil.

The pricing of goods, in and of itself, as a distributive device, is not unworkable. Mr. Howard Scott's anathemas flung at Soviet Russia because it has chosen "to inaugurate an industrial era under a Communistic price system" are wide of the mark. The price structure in Russia is publicly controlled, it is a mere convenience; the price curve in Russia is not the master, but the servant. What has happened in Russia is the socialization of industry, and Mr. Scott's apparent blindness to this departure is astonishing for two reasons: first, because such a development is the logical implication from all of technocracy's exhibits, and, second, because Russia is undertaking an economic reorganization within national confines, which is the prescription of technocracy for America.

The men of technocracy remind one of the innocent Goldilocks who happened into the house of the Three Bears. Finding the big bed of Marxian analysis too hard, and even the middle-size bed of Owenite surmise rather lumpy, they have snuggled down comfortably in the little bed of technological efficiency and slept very soundly indeed, and with no thought of its prior occupancy. Before going upstairs our Goldilocks tasted of the bears' breakfast. The porridge which pleased was that of economic nationalism. Here again Goldilocks was an intruder. Mr Scott has examined the natural resources and industrial competence of most of the countries of the world, found them lacking, and consigned those countries to decay. He speaks of their extinction with all of the confidence of a Seventh Day Adventist foretelling the end of the world. The United Kingdom, Italy, Russia, Japan, all have vital defects which condemn them; they are destined to go the way of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, and we are reminded that "the past is strewn with ruins of empire." But America, inviting nothing from the rest of the world, neither raw materials nor customers nor economic theories, but relying simply upon her mighty ergs and their directing technicians, may singly and alone build for the future. America is the "one continental area that, from the standpoint of its geologic set-up, equipment, personnel, and the state of its technology, is competent and ready to inaugurate a new era in the life of man." These facilities are individually praised and we are told finally that "all these things are entirely sufficient to assure the continuance of a high energy standard of livelihood for at least a thousand years, if they are operated on a non-price basis with the technological means known at present."

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The economic nationalists, including Hamilton, Mathew and Henry Carey, List, Niles, Raymond, Ware and others, also took America for their province; they threw over, in greater or less degree, the economic dogmas of Europe, were buoyant instead of depressed, and relied upon invention and mechanization to overcome any tendencies toward diminishing returns. Like the proponents of technocracy, the nationalists centered attention not upon wealth in the narrow sense of property rights nor even of commodities, but upon power. They were interested in capacity, not cash. Consumption was, with them as with the technocrats, not a fault but a virtue. One of their late disciples, Simon N. Patten, was notable for the theory of consumption which he developed. That we should take out our social dividend from more proficient production in the form of greater leisure is one of the few conclusions which technocracy draws; leisure, with its consequent stimulated consumption, is likewise a deduction from the reasoning of the nationalists who long preceded technocracy.

Finally, the increasingly necessary alliance of the technician and the economist is a contention running through economic literature for many years. Particularly the Guild Socialists in England have sought to make the work of the engineer answerable to social purpose, not to private profit. Similarly, they have bidden the economist become a social engineer. Technocracy leaves us with the question, how shall industry be operated so that we may benefit by it and not be destroyed by it? The Guild Socialists, and others who have been influenced by their planning, have projected a method by which this may be attempted.

It is surprising to what extent liberal and even revolutionary proposals in America have neglected recognition of what is occurring in Russia. Technocracy is a case in point. Why speak of the fact that technocracy, in urging a currency based upon work or energy, rather than upon gold or credit, is simply warming over a very old notion, when it is committing the graver fault of failing to see that Russia is its inspiration in many things? Russia has taken the engineer to its bosom. Russia represents the Second Industrial Revolution, not only in mechanics, but in social institutions.

# FREEDOM SINCE 1776

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

MR. JOSEPH GURN, in his "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," suggests very pertinently that not sufficient attention has been given to the motives of many supporters of the separation movement which was part of the social and political Revolution of 1776. It is an important observation, for we have rather complacently allowed text-book writers to show us as unanimously republican and separatist, even though writers contemporary to the small group which moved so steadily in that direction between 1763 and 1776 show clearly that it was not so by any means. He is also entirely right in suggesting the importance of Irish contribution to the separation.

It is unquestionably true that the Carrolls (like the Meades, the Keatings and many others of Ireland's nobility who found their way to America) were deeply resentful of Ireland's centuries of ruthless and crushing misgovernment at the hands of English conquerors. All such men were quite used to "pledging their fortunes" as well as their lives and their sacred honor to a cause. That was so natural a thing to them that its expression in the Declaration of Independence was hardly more than a formula.

The Carrolls, according to their tradition, had put a well-equipped body of horse in the field for the Stuart cause; just as the Keatings (descendants of the great historian) helped to hold Limerick till its gallant defenders were permitted to withdraw with the honors of war and take service in the famous Irish regiments of France; just as the Meade chieftain having been hanged as a rebel at Kinsale, his eldest son emigrated leaving family lands and an earldom to a younger branch. There was ancient race war rather than republicanism in the springs of action of most of the men of that class and kind; there was a flame of resentment smoldering beneath the ashes of contemporary religious war; there was dynastic loyalty against a "usurping Hanoverian"; and there was a further element which is rarely given its full value among the motives of men whose insistence on separation from the growing empire might otherwise seem unaccountable.

This last element arose out of the major flaw in our whole American system—it was one of the effects of attempting to base commonwealths of free men upon unfree labor.

The race war between the English and Irish needs no comment. It still burns. Ireland has been crushed but never conquered. After six centuries England is but beginning to understand that, too late to do anything the Irish will accept, for the hatred of the conquered for the conquerors has passed out by emigration into all parts of the world, forming an international support for Ireland. English settlers in America have fought and won from England. German settlers in America have fought and won from Germany. Such a thing as Irish settlers fighting and winning from Ireland is unthinkable.

The religious warfare and its resultant hatreds needs no comment. The years 1618 to 1648 saw the beginnings of the steady immigration which made permanent and prosperous settlements here after the unsuc-

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cessful sporadic attempts of Elizabethan adventurers. Those years correspond to the Thirty Years War and the terrific clash between Catholic and Protestant which devastated Europe. The picture of those years can be got most impressively from an old German war novel, "Simplicius Simplicissimus." Both these powerful motives for rebellion against the London government were present in America; both were powerful factors in developing a movement for separation from the empire. Both were strongly present in the Irish and the German American patriots of the day.

Young George Washington comments on that fact indirectly, in one of his reports upon the difficulties he was attempting to meet in organizing a frontier defense against French attack. Cumberland, in Maryland, seemed to be a strategic point at which to place a garrison with mobile forces radiating from it. Washington was not happy over the result of his efforts. His Virginia and Maryland "leather-stockings" (fathers of the "long rifle" men) could not be organized in a garrison. They would not accept discipline. He could do nothing with the Quakers of Pennsylvania, for while they demanded protection, they would not raise a finger in their own defense. He could make nothing for his purposes from the Irish and the Germans—for they were sympathetic to the French. Naturally; they may have been so quite easily. Both Irish and German immigrants at that time were coming in from communities where the King of France was considered to be the last supporter and ally of Catholics. Such men, though naturalized here as subjects of the British crown, would be reluctant to fight the battles of the crown against their natural allies both on racial grounds and on religious grounds; but there was a third ground to strengthen the attitude of the Irish and to bring them out of an apparent isolation from the other and older colonists of English race, and give them common cause with them: I mean a common lingering adherence to the Stuart cause and a common rejection of the "usurping" Hanoverian rulers of England.

Writers contemporary with that period are quite clear about it. In the year 1797 (for example) the Reverend Jonathan Boucher, vicar of Epsom in the county of Surrey, published in London a volume of "Discourses" from the pulpit which he had made in bygone years in America. He entitled his volume, "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution," and he dedicated it to an old friend and patron: "To George Washington, Esquire, of Mount Vernon in Fairfax County, Virginia."

His Discourse VI was preached or delivered in Queen Anne's Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland, in the year 1774. It is called, "On the Toleration of Papists." One of the most interesting parts of this volume is the candid "advertisement" which precedes each chapter, in order that Washington shall understand clearly why Mr. Boucher said then the things he published later.

He begins the advertisement to his discourse on papists with the following words:

> When this sermon was delivered, the Catholics of Maryland (who were at that time, both in point of property and respectability, of no ordinary weight in the community) seemed to hesitate and to be unresolved what part they should take in the great commotions of their country which were then beginning. Their principles, no doubt, led them to side with government, and (as they then thought) their interest made it their policy to be neutral: but it soon became easy to foresee that neither they nor any others would long be permitted to enjoy a neutrality. Important and interesting to them as the decision was, it was a question that could be determined only by prudential considerations. The persons in America who were the most opposed to Great Britain had also, in general, distinguished themselves by being most hostile to Catholics: but then, though dissenters and republicans were their enemies, the friends of government could hardly be said to be their friends. In America, if they joined government, all they had to look for was to be bitterly persecuted by one party, and to be deserted by the other.
>
> Hence, for some time they appeared to be wavering and undetermined. This irresolution drew down on them many suspicions, censures and threats. In order to save them from persecution, and to inspire them with ideas favorable to government, this discourse was composed.
>
> At length a Catholic gentleman, of good abilities, who was possessed of one of the first fortunes in that country (in short, the Duke of Norfolk of Maryland), actuated, as was generally thought, solely by his desire to become a public man, for which he was unquestionably well qualified, openly espoused the cause of Congress. Soon after, he became a member of that body. This seemed to settle the wavering disposition of the Catholics of Maryland: under so respectable a leader as Mr. Carroll, they all soon (at least in appearance) became good Whigs, and concurred with their fellow revolutionists in declaiming against the misgovernment of Great Britain. . . . It is a common remark that however acceptable the treason may be, even rebels rarely like the traitor. All that the Catholics of Maryland seem yet to have gained by their compliance is that they were not driven into exile, nor their property confiscated. . . . Their leader, indeed, has been a Member of Congress, and was once employed in an embassy: a relation of his, moreover, is now the popish bishop in the state. This bishop is spoken of as a man of worth and abilities; and some things which I have seen of his writing prove that he is a respectable man.
>
> Under the prevailing latitudinarian principles of the government of Maryland, they, like other religionists are no longer molested on account of their religion; nor are they stigmatized by any legal disqualification; still . . . their emancipation has been rather nominal than real. . . . The impolicy, however, of their new masters is no vindication of that of their old ones. Like far too many ill-informed and ill-judging men of almost all religions, Catholics had not the fortitude to withstand a rebellion which was already begun; but with all the bad principles respecting civil government so frequently imputed to them, they are

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> clear of any suspicion of having begun that in America; nor have they been found to be either refractory or turbulent subjects under a government of which it is hardly possible that they can cordially approve.

The acceptance of the fiery "Maryland-Irishman" (as he called himself) as "leader" by the group of Maryland Catholic families of English descent indicates some common bond.

The discourse which follows this advertisement indicates quite clearly what it was: that tragic loyalty which the Stuart cause inspired in Irishman, Scot and Englishman alike. That motive might be followed very far throughout the Middle and Southern commonwealths in explanation of an apparent separatist "republicanism."

Mr. Boucher's discourse on papists, on his reasons for toleration, on his hope of reunion, is all interesting and valuable in itself, but it is too long a discourse to quote here. The pertinent point is his text from "Paley's Moral Philosophy" (page 584) and his own elaboration on that theme:

> It is not to popery that the laws object (says Paley) but to popery as the mark of Jacobitism; an equivocal, indeed, and fallacious mark, but the best and perhaps the only one that can be devised. But it should be remembered that as the connection between popery and Jacobitism, which is the sole cause of suspicion and the sole justification of those severe and jealous laws which have been enacted against the professors of that religion, was accidental in its origin, so probably it will be temporary in its duration; and that those restrictions ought not to continue a day longer than some visible danger renders them necessary to the preservation of the public tranquillity.

The "visible danger" had been formally eliminated in 1745; but Jacobite Catholics in America could not swallow the "Usurper" even to the third and fourth generation. Jacobitism was a common bond between the Irish and English gentry in America against Hanoverian royalist Americans, even though it seemed to be a revolutionary republicanism which swung them into line, eventually, for separation.

There was also, however, that other moving factor in the general separatist trend which can be found in directions where it would seem not logical to look for it: it was one of the accompanying evils of the general system of unfree labor. Dr. Johnson's ignorant tirade against Americans as a race of convicted felons is readily accepted as valid evidence today by our thoughtless race of school text-book writers. Yet there is color enough in that classic stupidity to deceive the ignorant.

The origin of unfree labor in America is simple enough. The moment a pioneer had developed enough land to give him a profit from the actual full labor of his own hands, he became a capitalist. To go on from there beyond what he could do himself, and lay up the beginnings of a fortune, he needed what is still called in New England "hired help"; but he could not hire help, because any man could acquire an independent capital of his own by expending on his own account the same effort for which another man would hire him. The solution seemed to lie in the troubled state of the mother country and the Continent of Europe. Venal judges found it profitable to sell convicted persons to racketeering shipmasters, who in turn sold to pioneer colonists those who survived the privations of the voyage over. At first, convicted rebels furnished ample material: the Monmouth Rebellion, the Rising of the North, the defeats of the Old Pretender (1715) and of the Young Pretender (1745) and the perennial efforts of the Irish to throw off their English conquerors all sent respectable men of all social classes to the slave market.

Mr. Boucher speaks of that in his Discourse IV, "On American Education." He says:

> . . . What is still less credible is that at least two-thirds of the little education we receive are derived from instructors who are either indented servants or transported felons. Not a ship arrives with redemptioners or convicts, in which schoolmasters are not as regularly advertised for sale as weavers, tailors or any other trade; with little other difference that I can hear of, excepting perhaps that the former do not usually fetch so good a price as the latter.

Who would be these "schoolmaster" convicts? Any university man or educated gentleman captured in rebellion against the House of Hanover who would prefer teaching to hand labor in his new servitude. What would he teach? A "new deal" surely, to the system in which it was possible for a gentleman and an educated man to be a slave. He might teach that with enthusiasm even if he were an Englishman. With how much greater ardor would he teach it if he happened to be a Scottish or an Irish gentleman! He might be merely a separatist from the empire; he might go further and subvert the whole American system. He might count on other unfree men as well as nonconformists and dissenters who would be glad to follow his banner in social revolution even before that social revolution became the political Revolution of 1776. It is not possible to found a free commonwealth on unfree labor; not now, any more than in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century America.

That aspect of colonial life has not yet been adequately treated. It deserves to be, for its study would make clear some of the more obscure reasons which moved men then, and it would make clear some of the motives which moved the Constitution makers to attempt to restrain the revolutionary elements they had loosed, by setting up a central government as authoritative as they dared to make it, and imparting to it a trend which has gone on and on concentrating power in Washington which was never intended to be there except by this determined group.

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# SCIENCE AND RELIGION[1]

By KARL F. HERZFELD

IN THIS paper I shall discuss the relation which the activities of the Catholic scientist, i.e., of a Catholic who is participating, or trying to participate, in the advance of scientific knowledge, have to his religious life. By science I mean here the natural sciences in the narrow sense. The religious life I shall consider under three aspects: the dogmatic, the moral and the ascetic.

(1) What influence has scientific activity upon the dogmatic side of religious life, that is to say, on the religious convictions? I shall consider both the influence of direct scientific results and the influence of scientific theories.

Is there any likelihood that scientific results in the present or in the future might affect our religious convictions? Of course, true religion and true science cannot be in conflict, but I am not limiting myself to results which are true in the complete sense of the word; I include whatever might appear to be true at the moment. I wish to emphasize that I will try to make my discussion as complete as possible, and include not only what is likely to happen, but what can be imagained as possible.

(a) First, I shall consider the immediate results of scientific discovery. As far as I can see, with a single exception, it is impossible in principle that there should be any conflict between the results of scientific discovery and dogma as it stands now, or the teaching of the Scriptures. That follows from the fact that neither Scripture nor dogma teaches anything that is subject to scientific discovery. The single exception, mentioned above, is the descent of the human race from a single pair. But no other statement made in the Bible, the literal interpretation of which is unalterable, or no other present dogma of the Church bears on anything that would be subject to scientific investigation. Only some general interpretation of passages in the Bible might be affected by scientific research, particularly research in anthropology. Note how different the situation of the sciences is here from the situation of history. It is quite likely that an apparent finding through historical research might seem to contradict a statement in the Bible.

(b) Much more difficult is the relation of general scientific theory to dogma. I will first dispose of the objection sometimes heard: why does not science stick to facts instead of making theories? It is good scholastic doctrine that science deals only with the general, and accordingly it is necessary for science, if it wants to remain science, to make generalizations. Generalizations can never be based on complete induction, and therefore must have the form of a theory. If the scientist makes a theory, he is usually aware that it is an abstraction and that simplification is necessary to enable him to deal with the subject at all. This simplification might be made so that if pressed too far and too literally it would seem in contradiction to some dogma. To give a case which will show what I mean, though it might sound ridiculous: If I want to calculate an average value in statistical mechanics, I will integrate over the time from minus infinity to plus infinity. If one were to take that literally, one could, of course, say that this is in contradiction with the dogma of the finiteness of the world in time. But if in my calculation I had taken this into account, it would not have modified the result, but would only have made the calculation much more complicated. Similarly, if a Catholic astronomer is trying to give a theory of the history of the universe, he will not take into account beforehand that he knows the world has not existed from an infinite time. He does so, because revelation does not tell when the world started. Accordingly, either the fact that it started at a certain time will show up in the comparison of his results with observation, and the age of the world will be determined in that way, or it will not show up, and then it means that the age of the world is so great that the effects of the finite beginning have disappeared in the present state. And accordingly, as there is then no way of finding out when the world began, it is best to disregard this beginning. That of course does not mean denying that it began at a certain time, but only stating that the simplest theory for the behavior of the world at present can disregard the finite beginning. It would be impossible to construct a simple theory in which something like a definite beginning occurred, without assigning a definite time to it.

In other words, if we have not sufficient data, it might be necessary for the sake of simplicity to disregard a fact that is known from revelation, in constructing a theory. But as the examples given above show, the cases where one has to go as far as that are very rare.

(c) A somewhat more difficult problem however is the big generalization, which is often made in too hasty a manner, but sometimes seems justified. An example of such a generalization is the development, from the purely biological theory of evolution, of the idea that the mind also had its origin from the mind of lower animals through evolution, that moral law was entirely a result of evolution, etc. It seems to be the nature of human enthusiasm to make such generalizations. They have always been made, and have always done damage to the standing of the original scientific theory from which they sprang. I need only remind you how, in the middle ages, the atomic theory was much damaged

[1] This report was read at the Round Table of Catholic Scientists and Teachers in Atlantic City on December 28, 1932.

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by the fact that its authors tried to apply it to the mind also. The worst method of combating these abuses would be to deny the original scientific theory from which they came. That happened with the atomic theory, which the scholastics opposed largely on account of its materialistic general interpretation; at present we are convinced of its correctness, while it has been stripped automatically in the course of history from its unwarranted generalization. A similar thing happened with the theory of evolution, which unfortunately is still opposed by many theologians because it has been abused to make absurd generalizations. The only correct way to deal with such cases is to make a sharp distinction between what might be justified as scientific theory and what is wild imagination. I think this course should be followed. Otherwise the faith of some people might be endangered, if they hear a scientific theory condemned by their priests and are then confronted with what seems to them sufficient proof for it. If the theory has been represented to them as contrary to the Faith, a proof of the theory might seem to them a proof against the Faith. This distinction, however, can be drawn only by a scientist. And that is one of the main reasons for the necessity of having a considerable number of Catholic scientists of good standing who would have sufficient influence both with the Catholic world, to tell it what is justified in the purely scientific part of the theory, and with the non-Catholic world, to tell it what is an unjustified generalization quite independent of the original theory.

There is another group of generalizations that is harder to deal with. As an example, take the question of mechanic determination. The development of physical science in the last hundred years seemed to show that if in a physical problem you knew the situation at a given moment, you would be able to predict it completely at any time in the future. If one thinks that through to the end, that seems to result in a number of difficulties concerning the relations with biology, the external effects of free will, and so on. As it actually happens, such problems are usually left severely alone. The physicists are too much concerned with their immediate problems, and the theologians are not aware of the difficulty. I do not think that it can be helped, or that it is a thing to be deplored, that philosophical difficulties concerning the deepest questions arise. They arose in the middle ages and were welcomed then, and they will arise again. That their origin is different now from what it was then is of no importance, but again this indicates the need for Catholic scientists who are able to deal with the subject. It is of the utmost importance that in a controversial matter of this kind the Catholic viewpoint be given, and not as an afterthought, after the subject has first been presented entirely from the anti-Catholic standpoint. Sometimes, of course, as happens in this question of determination, the matter will be cleared up automatically from the scientific side, but these things take time, and it would be wrong to condemn as intellectually or morally inferior, as is sometimes done, the men who see the difficulty before the way out of it appears, and who, not having the background of the Faith which gives the assurance that some solution must be possible, succumb to the difficulty.

(d) Can there be a conflict either between particular scientific discoveries or general scientific theories and scholastic philosophy? As far as I see, there exist two viewpoints among Catholic philosophers. Let me best illustrate the two viewpoints by an example. I give you a piece of paraffin, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, perhaps sulphur, and ask: "Will it ever be possible to make out of this material something that cannot be distinguished from what we call a living cell?" The first group of philosophers mentioned above will answer straight away, "No." The second group will say: "If it should prove possible, that would prove that life was potentially contained in the materials mentioned above." The answer then to the question whether a conflict is possible with philosophy will be, "yes," for the first group, "no," for the second group. Why? The second group will answer, "No," because the second group does not make any prediction about any future actual result, and accordingly no conflict is possible. The first group, however, does make predictions about future results. Now I think no scientist will say that anybody (apart from revelation) is able to predict for all future the result of discoveries, that is to say, is able to predict the behavior of matter under completely new circumstances. This group of philosophers, however, does it; and accordingly, it seems to me, conflicts with the first group are bound to occur. The mistake of this group, I think, consists in the following: The scholastics in the middle ages proceeded exactly in the way in which we proceed today in science. They took an amount of experience drawn from observation, then generalized from it, from which resulted a general statement, and then drew logical conclusions from this general statement. I think the first group of philosophers forgets that the general statement has been drawn from experience and has to be modified if a new experience shows the generalization invalid, that is, too far reaching. But instead they mistake such a statement as a postulate of logic.

(2) As to scientific research and the moral life, there is very little to say about that; except as far as every-day common acts are concerned, like veracity, diligence, the life of a scientist does not affect the moral life at all. It has no dangers, much less than are involved in research in history or literature or the social sciences. The scientist has not to deal with values, has not to judge social or moral questions. Scientific research might help, because it should teach self-control and objectivity. For the layman, university life, as a whole, will of course be a more ideal state than life in the business world, as the financial viewpoint is not the central influence, and a certain modest financial security is present.

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(3) It is quite true that active scientific research interferes with the ascetic life, as does every active intellectual pursuit; except perhaps theology. This interference is not due to any peculiarity of scientific activity. It is present in exactly the same way in the activity of an official of a large diocese, in the activity of the busy city pastor, or of a missionary. Anybody who chooses such a career must effect a compromise. And the same compromise must be effected by people choosing an active scientific career. Whoever is not willing to sacrifice to some extent his meditations must either enter a contemplative order, or select a simple manual activity which leaves the mind sufficiently unoccupied to pursue meditations meanwhile. Even a teaching career might be better in that respect, because the teacher has office hours and can forget about school as soon as school hours are over, while a man engaged in active research will think of it constantly. Even if he does not actively think of it, his mind might feel too exhausted to be successful at meditation. But again, in this respect, there is no difference between the research man and any one of the men actively engaged in the ecclesiastical positions mentioned above. And in the same way in which these persons are satisfied with the compromise for the sake of the importance of their office, in the same way shall, and can, persons selecting the scientific career acquiesce to a similar arrangement.

# POET AND POLITICS

By PAUL GLEIS

A FEW weeks ago there was developed and enacted in Germany about the person of Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatist, a dramatic political play. The poet of social and political misery, who in his epic poem "Till Eulenspiegel" has expressed in allegorical fashion his political views on the World War and politics, and whose political stand is on the democratic "left," was seventy years old in November. As is well known, he was in America last March.

It was in order that the German government should honor the poet in a becoming manner on the occasion of his anniversary. There are, however, in Prussia, at the present time, and simultaneously, two administrations, the old constitutional, managing government headed by Dr. Braun and the new "Commissarial" government under Dr. Bracht. Both of these style themselves the "Prussian State Government" and contend in a truly humorous and childish fashion for their rights and powers. There are two Prussian Ministers of the Interior, two Ministers of Public Worship and Instruction, two Presidents of the Council!

Hauptmann has always been extolled by the German democratic press and is so even today. The Hitler press, however, refuses him its approbation. It indulges, at least in part, in the strongest criticism against the poet. For instance, the *Völkischer Beobachter* of November 16, 1932, characterized him in two articles as "intellectually as dead as any author of the bourgeois era" and among other things was of the opinion that

> . . . a strong, fully matured, intrinsic ability and a creative spirit, ever restlessly active, are essential for the solution of problems. Neither the one nor the other does Hauptmann possess in sufficient measure . . . The poet who is rooted in a materialistic age lacks throughout his entire life that inner accord with a great idea . . . Biased in favor of a materialistic view of mankind as the mere product of natural tendencies and environment, Hauptmann closes to himself every approach to liberating solutions . . . there is ever lacking that liberating outlook which is the innermost character of great poetry, and which can only be born of faith and idealism. And now the tragic element appears: Hauptmann knows that he lacks this latter, and he takes refuge in merely apparent solutions. With that there breaks into his art a note of unreality and untruth; he does not succeed in glossing over his lack of ability in the face of questions proposed. . . . To a like innate inaccesibility his early novels bear witness, the empty "Atlantis," as also the "Narr in Christo" with its bitter irony, the whole rich in problems but poor in their solutions. . . . The beginning of the World War reveals his Muse in the domain of the commonplace catch word, of bourgeois superficiality and insipidity . . . shallowness. . . ."

The press established by the conservative "right" in Germany generally condemns Hauptmann; principally, however, because he "joined the ranks of the Jewish and Jewish-favoring intellectually élite of the November-state [1918]," the circle to which Ludwig Fulda, Otto Brahm, Julius Stettenheim, Theodor Wolff, Maximilian Harden, S. Fischer, Moritz Heimann, Georg Hirschfeld, Felix Hollaender, Max Liebermann, Emanuel Reicher, Max Reinhardt, Walther Rathenau belong. It denies to him an innately strong personality. Hauptmann, it declares, has merely been seeking after mammon; he is a man who has lost a noble, interior sense of freedom; it reproaches him with an intrinsic want of principle, with materialistic, egotistical thinking and acting. What he has produced has been "but a garrulous flow of emptiness."

Much of all this is undoubtedly true. The poet does lack a certain discernible, profound view of life. He is enthusiastic for the shallow philosophy of "enlightenment" of the French of the eighteenth century, as he proved in his spring lectures in America; he has not overcome in himself the opposing spiritual elements of his time. He vacillates, as does his particular age,

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from one poetical extreme to the other. The contradictions of the day are evidenced in Hauptmann's work.

Nevertheless, the person of Hauptmann is at present too much the sport of political and personal opinions and passions. There has grown up about him, on the one hand, an enthusiastic following, which is sparing of neither favors nor testimonies of esteem. In many parts of the world he has received honorary doctor's degrees; he has been granted the Nobel prize, the Schiller prize, the Goethe medal. On the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, he was celebrated as the embodiment of the German spirit. On the other hand, Fritz Endres, for example, writes:

> The boundless praise which surrounded him, and which conceived an external resemblance to Goethe to be an interior one, tolerated only the superlative; to the large circle of his friends and admirers reasonable criticism appeared almost as blasphemy.

Edward Engel in his well-known book, "Was bleibt," condemns Hauptmann's works altogether. He says:

> In the whole range of literature there is no poet of such a void of ideas, such intellectual vacuum and vanity as Hauptmann. It will ere long be said of Hauptmann: "Nothing remains of his work."

Thus may be quoted any number of altogether contradictory opinions for and against Hauptmann. But, at best, one cannot fully consent to either the adulation or condemnation of the poet. Objective judgment must acknowledge the fact that Gerhart Hauptmann is not alone the great dramatist of naturalism, but that he is in himself a true and an important poet. The poet need not solve all problems; indeed, but to see and to formulate them is well worth the effort of the noblest. Hauptmann has always evidenced an understanding of the social and spiritual needs of mankind. He preaches not revolution, but humaneness. His character portrait is clearer than the biased spectacles of the Germans are inclined to see it. President Hindenburg, in a congratulatory telegram, thanked Hauptmann for his "services to German art and not the least for the defense and maintenance of German thought throughout the world." And this is the vital point.

As has been said, the Prussian government became involved in the controversy over Hauptmann; that is, the two Prussian governments, the "right" and the "left." The former (that of Bracht) was amazed when it awoke one fine day in November and read that "the Prussian State Government," of Braun, that is, the Cabinet of the Social-Democrats, upon the proposal of Grimme, the Social-Democrat, the Prussian Minister of Science, Art, and National Education (an office at present existing merely on paper, but nevertheless valid), had, in recognition of service rendered to the state, conferred the great golden State Medal upon Gerhart Hauptmann on the occasion of the poet's seventieth birthday.

The people had hardly taken cognizance of this announcement, however, when there came a second, in which it was declared that the decision of the Braun administration appeared as quite unintelligible to the Commissarial Prussian State Government, because the latter itself had a long time ago decided (secretly?) to award Gerhart Hauptmann with the golden State Medal. (Naturally, the public in Germany and the old Braun state ministry knew nothing of this decision, since it perhaps did not exist at all.) There was, of course, nothing but irony in the statement made by the adherents of Dr. Bracht to the effect that the "subsequent" decision of the old State Government proved that in this case, at least, there existed no difference of opinion on the part of the two administrations!

The old administration carried out its resolves and solemnly presented the medal together with a document of the following content:

> The Prussian State Government has resolved to bestow upon the famous son of Germany and of Prussia, Gerhart Hauptmann, on his seventieth birthday, the great Prussian State Medal, as a token of appreciation for his services to the state, in gratitude for his life work, in which right has triumphed over might, the spirit against pride, and the soul against all that kills the soul.

Hauptmann's work is thus, by the old Prussian Government considered to be the symbol of right over might (that is, ironically, a symbol of the right of the Prussian State Administration of Braun over the might of the Prussian State Administration of Bracht.) Hauptmann expressed his gratitude and accepted the honor with appreciative words. Meanwhile, however, the new State Government (Bracht) was convinced that it alone was authorized with the performance of such a high act, and, accordingly, that it should also present the medal. But what means could be found for so doing?

It was very cleverly contrived. The government of the Reich (Papen) likewise wished to honor Hauptmann, and that with a medal and with a celebration and performance in the State Theatre in Berlin. Papen, the Chancellor, now appointed Bracht, who is at the same time "Commissioner" of the Empire in Prussia and minister in the Cabinet of the Reich, as the representative of the government of the Reich for the purpose of presenting a medal (Reich medal or Prussian medal?) and a document of award (a second one!) to the poet. The Commissarial government declared that the document awarded by the Braun administration did not bear the state seal. (Braun was not able to obtain possession of this!) The members of the "Prussian State Ministry" of Braun who were invited to the celebration of the Reich did not appear, but went instead to their own Hauptmann performance in the "Volksbühne" (without Hauptmann). The poet himself pleasantly and good-naturedly pocketed both honors; he declared that he shares the grief of the

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Reich government in the quarrel as to who represents the Prussian State. His special case, he said, does not express the meaning of this grief. He feels himself at this moment far removed from all politics and desires a pause in the unfortunate and unsociable political struggle. Thus Hauptmann emerged from out the difficult situation neutral and withal affable.

The two Prussian administrations continue to exist, however, on a war footing. The old one is considered as of the constitution, and is recognized by the State Court of Justice, but has no work, so to say, and cannot function. The Commissarial government behind which stand the police and the material power, almost in disdain at the whole situation, finally, after long skirmishing and writing, assigned to the old government, at least a few offices; but where would these be (for the Braun administration had literally been thrown out upon the street by Von Papen)? In the house of the Prussian Ministry for the "Common Welfare" (Leipzigstrasze). Instead of "Commissarial Prussian Minister of the Interior," in the new government, Dr. Schütze, called himself the "Prussian Minister of the Interior." The Cabinet of Braun declares that Braun alone as President of the Cabinet Council and his Ministers of State make up the government of Prussia and the state ministry, that the old office of the Prussian government at 63 Wilhelmstrasze has not been turned over to him by Bracht as the seat of the state ministry, that all letters are to be directed unopened to the Prussian Minister of State Braun at 2 Leipzigstrasze, etc. The director of the Prussian ministry, Dr. Brecht (similar name but different person!), who carries on negotiations with Dr. Bracht, the Commissioner of the Empire, is the representative of this old administration. Kerll, the President of the rightless and mightless Prussian Diet and the enemy of the Commissarial administration, occasionally enters into these often not very pleasant relations. The term "Bracht-Kerll" has been coined. There remains today in the whole ticklish affair of the quarrel for supremacy in Prussia but one "Prachtkerl"—Gerhart Hauptmann, the smiling third, the "tertius gaudens."

## *By the Aurelian Wall*

By the Aurelian wall
  Is consecrated shade;
Snatched from the fiery pall
  Here Shelley's heart was laid.

Fitting his mortal part
  Should pass in cloud and flame—
All save his deathless heart,
  He of the deathless name!

Wrap it in rose and rue,
  While tears of homage fall;
*Cor cordium*—how true
  By the Aurelian wall!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

# EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

By MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

IN THE poems of his greatest strength—"Eros Turannos," "Cassandra," "Flammonde," "The Book of Annandale," "The Mill," "Rahel to Varnhagen," "The Man Who Died Twice," five or six sonnets—Edwin Arlington Robinson stands secure among the small company of distinguished minds and resolute artists which the nineteenth-century tradition has produced in America. In his lesser work may be found temporization, unwarranted detail of argument, feeble rhythm and even nondescript statement, but never a trace of the besetting sins of second-rate verse in our day: trumpery emotion, facile journalism in style, coarse personal exploitation and unabashed incompetence in forming judgments. At one hand Robinson has risked condemnation for a virtue that easily becomes a poetic vice—reticence. At the other he has courted the fatigue of popular interest by writing far beyond the point where the patience of hasty reviewers and the *réclame* of propagandists stops. He has grown beyond that "creative majority" that ends the careers of most poets in their middle twenties. His successive volumes have come to take on the character of an annual literary event.

"Nicodemus," his latest (1932), varies the program in being a collection of shorter pieces, but it requires no specialized comment. "Mathias at the Door" (1931), "The Glory of the Nightingales" (1930) and "Cavander's House" (1929) were further variants of the drama of self-determination and moral salvation earlier disclosed in "Annandale," "Atherton's Gambit," "Flammonde," "The Man Who Died Twice" and "Captain Craig." "Tristram," a phenomenal public success of 1927, belongs to the group of Arthurian redactions which admit only fortuitous disclosures of Robinson's personal intelligence and vigor. Their vogue, as much as their derivative nature, has cheapened for many what was in the original merely a baffled portraiture. Unfortunately, these paraphrases, despite their firm direction and disciplined sentiment, have become Robinson's readiest card for publicity. The revisionist motive ascribed to them, as well as a "psychology" modernly superior to the Tennysonian, has resulted in a regrettable dislocation of emphasis in his work. Fragmentary in their excellence, these poems remain pendants to a focal, contemporary and ultimately American achievement. Any historian must recognize its solidity; it has already frustrated the tests of popularity and boredom, and established its permanent character. Within Robinson's poetry exists at once the living ore of a native tradition and the heat of personal conscience. Both have combined to fire the crystal of a strong and lucid vision, wherein the issue of creative effort in America finds a focus.

Not once has Robinson compromised for the applause granted his contemporaries. For the people who call his work dull, John Drinkwater, in an essay published ten years ago in the *Yale Review,* may be considered a suitable spokesman. In every age the poet of mature volume must fight his battle, if not before he achieves his own success (as in the case of Browning, Baudelaire and Hardy), then after. Herbert Read has debated the relevance of the long poem to modern life. The facile mediocrity of Noyes, Masters and Masefield have seriously discouraged the general and even the critical reader from adequate attention to a "Testament of Beauty," an "Ecliptic," or "XXX Cantos" when they come his way. Moreover, the naphtha-flare charm of the currently applauded lyric writers seldom settled down to the constant flame that feeds on a profound spiritual nourishment. The modern anthology (in any

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age) is populated by adolescents and overnight successes; their worth is topical and their reputations gusty. In this circle Robinson has never found a place. His earlier poems were modest, unhurried and prophetic. His later books may be honored by banal applause in the leading newspapers, but this is chiefly applause for success in some sort of endurance test. They are read by the critically conformist, culturally discreet members of clubs. Yet they form a small part in the consideration of men out for notes on "trends," and even an unfortunately minor factor in the discipline of younger poets.

To arrive at this stage of unfashionable and impersonal fame among his contemporaries means several things in a poet. He has found refuge from the immediate event that taxes his environment; he has achieved a style that misses the tone of ephemeral favor and "progress"; and he has met the demands of that historical sense necessary to "any poet if he is to survive as a writer beyond his twenty-fifth year."

It is convenient to label Robinson's confrontation of modern distress and perplexity as stoic. This is no attitude suddenly adopted by conversion or necessity at a crisis in his career. It was implicit in his earliest publications. The frankly-advertised sobriety and inscrutability of most contemporary stoicism makes it one of the most deceptive of intellectual positions. It becomes in some hands a refuge of the bewildered who lack Aiken's or MacLeish's inclination to pathos, or Eliot's to historical irony. Elsewhere it is a counsel of desperation of another order: the lugubrious and heavily paraded manner that seeks to hide a disproportionate self-esteem. In a certain type of disappointed mind, honor licked to its kennel foments a conceit that despises reproof, a viewpoint wholly egocentric, and a literary style warped and defeated by the resulting spiritual doggedness. Since the term stoic, in these current usages, has little historical meaning, it is well to note also how inappropriate a garment it is for defeatism and soured intelligence. Stoic dignity and authority issue only from an assumption of some constant, if ineluctable, authority and direction in the universe. By submitting to this control, man ennobles his agnosticism through humility and patience. From the principle of willed design which he admits in creation, he derives his confidence in order and acquires his private mode of discipline.

> "Shall we, because Eternity records
> Too vast an answer for the time-born words
> We spell, whereof so many are dead that once
> In our capricious lexicons
> Were so alive and final, hear no more
> The Word itself. . . ?"

It goes without saying that stoicism is as easily parodied as mysticism, sentiment or piety. Enough examples of such parody are available in recent verse. True stoicism, like genuine piety, drives to the root of character, and is likely to test the integrity of character as ruthlessly as any intellectual discipline available to modern man. But like the poetic discipline itself, its first requirement is character in its professor. Without that basis, the stoic, whatever his pretensions to self-discipline and integrity, is one of the most pathetic of shams. This basis is nowhere so starkly laid bare, and so rigorously proved, as in the poetic discipline. The more external and political demands of life, as Coleridge remarked in his "Aids to Reflection," offer comparatively slight consolation to stoicism and the private authority of will in the modern world.

Robinson's example is one of the few that makes the designation stoic worth envying or exploiting. From the outset of his career, he lacked the querulous commiserating tone perfected by his Victorian ancestors. He was, temperamentally, removed from such defenses as Laforgue's irony or Rimband's denunciatory violence. The Symbolist influence and all it involved did not touch him. Search for provenience might suggest an alliance between Emerson's libertarian doubt and Emily Dickinson's firm and ruthless inquisition of the spirit, but this would force an issue as improbable (although singularly as appropriate) as that from Donne's falling star and the mandrake root. Robinson is no fatal or exotic child of misalliance. He saw from the start the gravity of his problem, but neither the direction of American culture nor the ruses of literary method helped him solve it. He chose the hard and solitary path of personal probity.

In the phrase favorably applied to him from the title of one of his best books, he is a man against the sky, one who has faced the infinite with exceptional self-reliance, and even with the scepticism of his New England heritage. His curiosity escapes the facile reach of Emerson's sanguine scepticism, just as it avoided such physical clues as guided Hopkins in his research of conscience. The firm grip of a problem exceptional in Emerson's verse is customary in Robinson's. His heroes, from Annandale to the present Hector Kane, from Crabbe and Hood in the tribute sonnets to Toussaint L'Ouverture, are men of scruple, but not of heroism inflated by scruple. Kane is an honest empiricist to his death:

> " 'Nothing was ever true for me
> Until I found it so,' said he;
> 'So time for me has always been
> Four letters of a word.' "

And he shares with Robinson a motive less easily demonstrated in Robinson's verse than in that of Emily Dickinson, or in the prose of Melville: the ruthless notation of the experience which conditions and shapes knowledge. That notation in Miss Dickinson produced a verse rich in explorative imagery. It equipped her with a symbology never mechanistic, yet productive of concept and proof far beyond those achieved by the symbolist method in France. It has brought her work finally to share with that of a few contemporaries the distinction that comes of microscopic logic in observation, with its resulting vigor of reference and inference.

Robinson's method has doubtless limited his contemporary appeal. Its abstractness has removed him from the favor of those poets whose language is closer to the Symbolist tradition—the sensory language of image and metaphor. The more popular, and often mistaken, aspects of Miss Dickinson's revival is based almost wholly on this element in her work. The latter-day Imagists subscribed to the discipline of this method, even though no party affiliations were necessary for that discipline to flourish in the best work of Pound, Eliot, Stevens, Williams, Miss Bogan and Miss Moore. These poets submit to no community of method, yet it is the immediacy of poetic experience suggested by their style that makes it vivid and forceful to such current attention as it wins. Robinson's substance is not sensation, but intuition; his method is not metaphorical, but syllogistic; his material is not that of analogy and allegory, but of abstract formulation. Thus his typical poem does not strike out for concrete substance in external reality; it drives toward the center of moral consciousness for its certainty, even when the process involves an exploration that leaves sensory logic and the external world behind for the sphere of pure notion. His salvation lies in his never forgetting that the search is a

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moral test, not an intellectual exercise. At his best, the reality is never lost, and the responsibility of decision never denied. There is no hint of the facile and evasive casuistry of modern dialectic. Robinson is not the most eloquent logician; temporization has vitiated more than one passage in his work, just as it has undermined the quality of his blank verse. But his work never suggests, like Valéry's, the exercise of purely aesthetic logic, or the avoidance of actual moral committal. His direction is persistently centripetal, and he has surrendered every divergent lure to keep it so. If abstraction results, it is not mathematical, but in the firmest sense ethical.

With his moral austerity and his severely inquisitional method, Robinson has relied for material color and richness almost entirely on his racial and geographic tradition. This reliance has involved a critical view of American life. The scenes of his own experience could not have been promising: the bleak frugality of maritime and rural New England, or New York of our first age of national disillusion. Even his heroes who have fed on the more prodigal riches of the land come away hungry, cynical, defeated, even driven to suicide. Robinson has been struck by a reaction to America's traditional idealism similar to that of Stephen Crane, Norris and Eliot. He is far removed from the messianic line of Whitman, Lindsay and Hart Crane. The dark night of American pessimism has cast its shadow on his own career. The part it has played in his work, and its influence on his views of social and personal morality, cannot be overlooked. His heroes—Cory, Annandale, Craig, Nash, Mathias and Lincoln—emphasize it. Critics have even complained of the persistent nihilism of his imagery, concepts and tragedies.

There is, however, a difference between facing the dark and entering it. The unflinching resolution of Robinson's finest line is alone a warrant of his fortitude. Even monotony of style may have a relieving purpose, and no one will leave his work without the impression of unbaffled heroism. This heroism perhaps countermands, for his thoughtful American readers, the escapist gospel of James and his exiled descendants; it has certainly reconciled Robinson to what he has missed in our racial culture—the earlier classical idealism, the Mediterranean inheritance. It makes him a poet of more than aesthetic honor.

Rightly read, his work reveals with eloquence and poignance, and even with picturesque appropriateness, a problem concise in the moment of our lives. An American should not evade the wisdom, or the pride, that comes of knowing his achievement.

## *The Strength of Weak Things*

High in her filmy firmament
The young moon, frail and innocent,
Yet finds such strength as tugs the seas'
Impossible immensities.

The little acorn's tendrils poke
Downwards, and heave aloft the oak.
The soft corrosion of the rain
Strews tower and temple on the plain.

And Venus's poor blinded Boy,
Being given an archer's kit for toy,
Shoots arrows with his dimpled hand
That Vulcan's armor can't withstand.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## THE BABY RACKET

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editor: Upon reading the current issue of your magazine, I was astonished to note therein many letters in protest to a recent article entitled "The Baby Racket."

Instead of suggesting "Hollywood" to me, this title suggested an article of interest to a Catholic mother of four children, who is in modest circumstances. I had missed seeing the article in question, the week of December 14 being an unusually active one. My librarian supplied me with a copy and I read Mrs. Darst's article without delay.

Permit me to say that I admire Mrs. Darst for giving voice to a problem I have long wanted to discuss with someone. I also wish to express my admiration for THE COMMONWEAL in supporting Mrs. Darst in the face of unfavorable and scathing criticism, and maintaining that her figures are founded on fact.

I have no doubt that one living in the high plane that Mrs. Darst apparently did, would be obliged to pay for babies at the rate of $1,000 apiece. In my small city I am not going to report that any such sum is required, yet the maternity fees are far in excess of an amount that would be decently proportionate to the average working-man's income. Yet we wonder why the birth rate is declining.

Ten years ago, my husband and I were happily expecting our first little one. Although my husband was temporarily out of work, we had some money on hand, and confidently expected that he would soon secure a position. We were horrified to be told by a friend that it would cost us at least $200 to have our baby, and probably more. Not really believing this, I called at our Catholic hospital to ask information of the Sister. I was told that a clinic recently opened would care for maternity cases at the rate of $28.00 for the two weeks, plus a $10.00 charge for the operating room. I was delighted to find out that the cost would be so small, and after talking over the matter with my husband, we agreed to have our baby that way.

Like Mrs. Darst, I had some scruples about attending a clinic. I had been a bank employee previously, and though not exactly "high hat" I felt that there were a few social distinctions. The greater number of women at this clinic were either colored, or of foreign race. My friends were rather horrified at the idea. They had never heard of a clinic, and prophesied dire consequences.

I am happy to say that all went well. I received the best of care. Nothing important was neglected and the birth of our first son cost us the small sum of $38.00. Prenatal care and postnatal care for mother and babe were provided free of charge.

Eighteen months later I returned to the clinic for my second baby. The price for the same accommodations had increased to $50.00. As my husband at that time was earning about $30.00 a week, we did not feel that the charge was exorbitant.

Our third child was likewise delivered and cared for by clinic doctors and nurses. The rates at this time had advanced so that our bill came to $65.00. As my husband's salary had again increased, we were again well satisfied.

When our fourth child was expected, we were a little more prosperous. We owned a small home, and the salary was adequate, so I felt that I was not entitled, this time, to use the benefits of the clinic. I felt that the wards should be set aside for those of humble means, such as we were when we first learned about maternity hospitals.

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I accordingly engaged a doctor, one who was just starting in practice. His fee would be $50.00. The first-class physicians charged $100 at the lowest, for delivery alone, and I knew that such a fee was beyond our means. Besides, the charge for ward or room in private cases was much more than that of ward room in the clinic, so that the cost of this baby would be at least $120.

When confinement time came, I was much disappointed in my young doctor. He stupidly miscalculated the time, and the baby was delivered by the interne. Yet I paid my $50.00 (for prenatal and postnatal visits). The care I received in my ward was not as good as that I received in the clinic. Here all the responsibility rested upon the doctor, while before, the hospital assumed all responsibility, and discharged it well.

In this ward I found women of humble means, yet one and all had engaged a doctor charging at the lowest, $100. None of these cases were of a type to call for special attention. One young mother remarked, "I guess we can't have any more babies, because my husband only earns $30.00 a week, and this baby is costing us over $200." I told her about the clinic, but she did not seem much impressed. I also told many other mothers of my acquaintance about the advantages of the clinic, but not one ever went there.

At the cost of $200 per baby, it is not surprising that after two children, the young, hard-working couple decide they can have no more; $200 is more than they can save in a year on such salary as is average.

Granted that our doctors pay dearly for their preparatory study, is it consistent for a working-man to have to pay even $65.00 clinic costs for each baby? I say it is not. Some system must be devised for lowering the cost of babies, or there will no longer be babies. Already teachers of kindergarten and primary grades note the reduction in classes.

Proportionately, Mrs. Darst did not pay so much for her babies. I give a guess that her husband earned a fine salary. With many men earning today $1,500 a year, as a typical sum, let us proportion the cost of a baby to the yearly salary: 200 : 1500 :: 1000 : x. Doing this example, we get $7,500 as the probable salary of Mrs. Darst's husband.

Not advocating birth control, this letter is written to show that there is an economic factor governing the birth rate today. Unless midwives return to style, there will be a dearth of infants, pending a satisfactory solution of this problem.

MRS. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The January 18 issue of THE COMMONWEAL brought between its covers a bombardment of fiery anathemas such as is rarely encountered in its usually placid columns. The storm raged around a certain individual named Mrs. Darst, with an occasional side-lashing on the defenseless head of THE COMMONWEAL's editor.

The *casus belli* having escaped my notice owing to the busy advent of Christmas, I turned quickly to the December 14 issue of THE COMMONWEAL and there I read under the caption, "The Baby Racket," the cause of all this mighty avalanche of bricks and bats that swept into the editor's office.

Now I hold no brief for Katharine Darst or the esteemed editor. I never before heard of the former, and it has not been my privilege to meet the latter. Both, I surmise, are capable of working out their own defense. The warning note of old Bill Shakespeare, "Beware of entrance into a quarrel," has always appealed to me, and so with a timorous soul I approach the *champ de bataille*.

It is true Mrs. Darst says very "plain" things. But then we are living unfortunately in a very plain age. Shockingly plain things are rehearsed on the stage, screen and in public places. Mrs. Darst's "plainness" is of the rugged but wholesome type. She has had a checkered experience in her loyalty to her marriage obligations and her obedience to God's command: increase and multiply. We do hope that her little "darlints" will never forget their mother's sacrifices, including the giving up of a maid; and the father's drastic conversion to the Eighteenth Amendment should never be forgotten.

Doctors Meyer and Cunningham seem to have an axe of their own to grind, as is evident from their "rap" at the Lewis Memorial Hospital. One thousand miles' distance gives me no qualification to speak on the merits or demerits of this institute. Their insinuations, however, have set many minds guessing.

And the "gentle sex" has proved that it can be first in war as it is first in love. La Signora Musante, however, seems to have missed a point. When quoting THE COMMONWEAL as a paper devoted to "literature, arts and public affairs," she was at a loss to find under what category "Baby Racket" could be listed. It is my opinion that it naturally falls under the last-mentioned category. If the conditions exist which Mrs. Darst enumerates, they are, or ought to be, public affairs. It is true much charity flows from the medical profession, but I know enough to assert that "the most charitable body of men" does not always ring true to the pretended title. Their bills for services rendered are often disproportionate, the lack of due relative proportion favoring of course "the most charitable body of men." Slim purses and years of unemployment ought to be considered when forwarding bills for medical services rendered.

It is said that editors, like presidents, get old quickly. And when we read how the lady with the difficult name, whose husband is not an obstetrician, pours the vials of her wrath on the suffering head of the editor of THE COMMONWEAL, we have no doubt of this truism.

Congratulations however to the esteemed editor for his courage and frankness in his editorial note: "Not one but a thousand women might have written her story."

C. J. H.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: I think it manifestly unjust to call in question the veracity of anyone, especially when he or she happens to be right. Katharine Darst, in "The Baby Racket," states that prevailing prices for delivery in eastern cities a few years ago were exhorbitantly high. Let me relate my own experience.

My husband and I are Cincinnatians, but being a literary man, his work called him to the East, where we lived for two years after our marriage. My father and mother were dead and I had no relatives in the city. As I had never been curious as to the "price" of babies, I knew nothing of the usual charge when confronted by the knowledge that one was coming to us. My husband's friends in——were mostly literary men, bachelors or childless, if married. The one who would naturally have helped us with advice, a charming literary woman with five children, told me her doctor had given up obstetrics for another field.

So we did the obvious thing: asked a splendid doctor with whom we had a slight acquaintance, to recommend a good obstetrician. I went to this man and related our circumstances, that we had very little money, but felt we could not scrimp when a baby was in question! He replied that his usual rate

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was $500, but as we were friends of Dr.——and not well off, he would serve me for $200. (And when the pinch came, I was made to feel that I was a $200, not a $500, patient!) I cannot help wondering sometimes whether if I had been a debutante with wealth and loving friends behind me I would have had the terrible experience I did—a forced delivery at eight months with the consequent danger to mother and child, to find myself saddled for life with a bad cardiac condition.

The hospital rates were also very high, and I had to pay another large fee to a consulting specialist, brought in to prescribe for a wearing cough. He told me I had bronchitis, when in reality it was the cardiac condition, as I found out later.

My other four children were born in Cincinnati, and altogether cost for delivery the price for the first.

D. B.

Suffern, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL for January 11, a "Mother of Ten" speaks of the "Baby Racket" in the eighties and nineties. She will not object, I am sure, if I improve upon her figures. My racket starts in 1900 and keeps on till 1925.

In Canada when a baby is born, mothers announce the news to relatives and to friends in the following way: "I have bought a baby of x... pounds." I ignore whether my mother deserves praise as a talented buyer, but I do know that she never paid $1,000 for a baby, even a boy-baby; for $200 she could have taken in triplets. French-Canadian mothers buy their babies from the Indians—*sauvages*—whereas the Americans trade with the storks. Storks are an aristocratic sort of dealers, Fifth Avenue shopkeepers, who have buyers pay for the name. Indians, a class of simple business men, can be bargained with more easily. The storks would have never let Manhattan Island go for $24.00.

Just what my father, a day-laborer, would have done with $1,000 babies, or even with the $200 class, is a mystery to me, for he signed eighteen contracts with the "Big Chief." Maybe such a big order carried a discount with it.

My mother stayed at home. The family doctor charged between $20.00 and $30.00 for the delivery. A nurse took care of my mother and helped at home for not more than fifteen days, sometimes for a shorter period. The cost of it all may have averaged $75.00 a baby, probably less, but certainly not more.

It goes without saying that for a few weeks after the nurse left, my mother abstained from hard work. In the evenings my father gave a hand to the heavier jobs. In the case of the last half of the births, the oldest girl helped mother with the cooking and with the care of the "other" babies; the older boys raised some dust from the floor and, supreme opprobrium, washed the dishes. All the while my mother moved about with quiet dignity and beaming loveliness, a living picture of the sanctity of Christian motherhood. It was then she looked her sweetest. I remember how I looked up to her with an almost foolish heart. She was, in a real land, the "Queen of Hearts."

NUMBER FOUR OF THE EIGHTEEN.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Although not a subscriber at present to your otherwise valued paper, I have been a constant reader, obtaining each issue through my brother who originally gave me a year's subscription for Christmas. Since that time, and until publication of "The Baby Racket" by Katharine Darst, I was an enthusiastic supporter of THE COMMONWEAL and its policies. Now I have changed my mind, but cannot allow her to go unanswered.

Mrs. Darst's article is an obviously exaggerated and unfair attack on the medical and nursing professions, and a condemnation of the great number of fine hospitals in this country, as well as an unethical advertisement of the one in Chicago where she "purchased" her 1932 model of offspring.

Even if her experiences with her 1929, 1930 and 1931 models were true (and I think her veracity is now being challenged by the New York City Medical Society), what a confession of poor judgment, carelessness and lack of thrift in going back to the same doctor to be neglected and grossly overcharged, particularly when it was necessary for her and the prospective father "to give up cocktails and taxicabs" (to use her own words) in order to pay the baby racketeers in the medical profession and in the hospitals!

Does such judgment represent the average intelligence of our prospective mothers, and is this occurrence possible in the private practice of obstetrics today? I am sure it is not. Anyone can see where an advantage might be taken once by some dishonest member of our profession, and I am willing to admit that there may be a few such among the 150,000 legitimate doctors in this country, but how any patient of ordinary intelligence would return to the same man and the same hospital to be victimized three times is to me incredible. And, further, to write an article insinuating her experience is a common occurrence, is certainly unfair and misleading to all readers of THE COMMONWEAL.

HARRY J. DOOLEY, M.D.

Elizabeth, N. J.

TO the Editor: Why Mrs. Darst's article should have occasioned surprise on the part of your readers is a surprise to me.

All references that I have ever read in the editorial columns of THE COMMONWEAL concerning the medical profession have always followed the same trend. You remind me of the Kaiser and his "mad-on" against all physicians because he has a congenitally shortened arm, of the man who left the Church because of a harsh priest, of the man who had no use for any member of the legal profession because of one lawyer, etc.

While you (correctly) do not believe in the Socialists' attitude concerning religion, you do believe in the socialization of medicine, and that is the basis of your constant childish prattle against the entire profession.

In your "Editor's Note" of January 18, I detect three inaccuracies: (1) "In the community in which she lived, the situation described was normal." That is not true. (2) You are glad to learn "that matters never come to such a pass in several parts of the United States." A silly wise-crack. (3) "There is no intention of basing upon these experiences a general attack upon the medical profession." That is your intention.

Quit your stalling and take Socialism all the way or else change your attitude.

I shall continue to read THE COMMONWEAL, since all of us are allowed to make mistakes concerning the 150,000 physicians in this country.

Some of them are like some editors I know of, but the majority (90 percent) are a hard-working, conscientious, self-sacrificing group of men, collecting less than $100 per week for their work.

LEO J. WARD, M.D.

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St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: Dr. Ralph Kinsella was not the doctor in my article, "The Baby Racket."

He was not our family doctor. He lived 1,200 miles away. He did not examine me, and we paid him no fee. I saw Dr. Kinsella, following my marriage, for the first time when my second child was three months old.

Dr. Kinsella was, however, one of four or five people who recommended the hospital. He did so in a letter to my husband, as he states, "freely," "on account of friendship."

KATHARINE DARST.

## A COMPLETE CATECHISM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Letters of Reverend Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J., and Reverend Joseph A. Newman, appearing in recent issues of THE COMMONWEAL, question the pedagogical value of "The Catholic Catechism," as drawn up by His Eminence Peter Cardinal Gasparri, expressing the opinion that the wording is unsuitable for the use of children. Unquestionably they are entirely correct when they take exception to the expression "easily understood," because no Catholic theology in its correct presentation is readily understandable by the average child.

But at no time must we overlook the fact that theology is a science, and like other sciences, such as biology, physics, astronomy and anatomy, has phrases peculiar to itself.

Although secular education reserves the study of other sciences until the mind is mature, this cannot be done with Catholic theology which must be taught to children and cannot be correctly done except by following the expressions peculiar to the Church. Simple explanations are likely to lose their absoluteness and permit of a variance of meaning, which is easily brought about in an endeavor to simplify language. That it should be a difficult task is not surprising, but this difficulty is compensated for by the knowledge that Mother Church strictly adheres to the fact that theology is a science and must be treated as such, even by her youngest children.

The method of teaching Part One and Part Two is specially provided for in the forepart of the complete work, whereby the author stresses the necessity of the teacher giving enlightening explanation to the student; but nevertheless the author stands by the old and correct method of giving the proper theological answer to every question. For this reason the books are short and the questions and answers limited, but meanwhile the child in its progress properly learns the correct answers in the words of the Church and receives the understanding of their meaning from the teacher in charge. By following this system the Universal Church in all countries will be taught the same simple theology of our great religion.

When presenting Catholic doctrine to immature minds, experience has shown that greater satisfaction has been obtained by putting such expression in the form of question and answer. By so doing it prepares the child for an honest question which may be asked by a well meaning non-Catholic, and immediately he connects therewith the answer in its correct wording. Of necessity the wording to these answers must be in the language of the Church and technical to the extent that they permit of no second meaning.

As there is one Lord and one faith, so too there should be some one general rule and method employed in teaching the faithful the duties of the Christian religion.

LOUIS KENEDY.

# THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

## *Design for Living*

THE MOST curious quality in Noel Coward's latest play, "Design for Living," and the quality which should be the most obvious is the one that has received no comment whatever in the critical press. The play should have been a tragedy, not a very great or important tragedy, perhaps, but none the less a tragedy.

It is a direct lineal descendant of that earlier play of Coward's, "The Vortex," in which we saw a mother and son hopelessly entangled in their own weaknesses, and each looking to the other for support. This time, Coward has chosen the theme of three people, two men and a woman, who think they are misfits in the conventional social scheme, who indulge and coddle each other's weaknesses, and who finally succumb to the idea that they are quite incapable of living apart. None of them has the interior strength to live his or her own life any more than has the mother or the son in "The Vortex."

In the first act, the author, through the woman's analysis of herself, gives a hint of the tragedy inherent in three such maladjusted lives. Then he abruptly turns the whole situation to comedy, and carries it through in comic vein to the end, leaving the problem itself utterly unsolved and the three characters as far as ever from any permanent design for misshapen lives.

There are certain moments when one feels that Coward is inverting his emphasis consciously and even maliciously, as if to see how far he can fool an audience into mistaking unhappiness and misery for comic sophistication. At other times, he seems to be taking a genuine delight in the agility of his dialogue and the perversity of his recurrent situations. Thus the play utterly lacks unity and integrity of mood or design. It reminds one of the bitter witticisms and the bravado with which a drunkard will attempt to cover up his weakness and his conscious sense of inferior adjustment.

The brittle surface mood of comedy increases as the play goes on, and culminates in an atmosphere of almost sheer farce, except for a few lines of furious indictment hurled against the trio by the elderly and bewildered husband of the woman in the case.

But one never quite loses the feeling of Noel Coward's protest against the fact that some people are not only unlike the large herd, but also incapable of discovering their own individual way and must therefore find a much smaller herd of their own kind. In "The Vortex," this small herd consisted of two people only, the mother and the son. In "Design for Living," the special herd is enlarged to three. But in each case, it is not a violently non-conformist little herd in rebellion against conventions. It is, rather, a remorseful little herd, gathered together like frightened sheep in self-defense. In the earlier play, the herd admitted its tragedy and saw itself going down into a whirlpool. In the present play, there is a more obvious defense mechanism at work, more bravado, more acid humor, and a more weakly tolerant self-contempt.

For those who consider "Design for Living" merely an hilarious comedy built up from artificial situations and with no intention of bearing upon reality, my feeling that the play is merely a potential tragedy turned into hysterical laughter may seem absurd. Certainly the appearances of sophisticated and moral comedy are upheld by the expertly comic acting of Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Noel Coward himself. These

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three, with their superlative technique, manage to make many of the individual scenes snap and sparkle like crossed electric wires.

At such moments, it is admittedly hard to retain a conviction of underlying seriousness. But, intentionally or otherwise, there are times when a deep and tremulous unhappiness unmistakably crosses the stage and turns "Design for Living" into a huge irony, for which the real title would be "Design for Laughing Death." Outer form belies inner substance. The last act utterly contradicts (unless you accept the explanation of irony) the outline of the woman's character in the first act. The whole play is singularly like those lines of Thomas Gray, in which he speaks of "moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

### *Evensong*

THE SUBSTANCE of "Evensong" is admittedly a trifle shop-worn. But the manner of Edward Knoblock's treatment of the theme is engaging, and the acting of the present production, particularly in the cases of Edith Evans and Jane Wyatt, is so completely satisfying that the whole occasion rolls along with interest, variety and a distinct measure of glamorous charm.

The story is of a middle-aged operatic soprano who has reached the crest of her extraordinary career, has begun to sink into the valley beyond and knows it. Her niece comes to live with her as secretary and companion. The eager young romance of the niece (Jane Wyatt) is drawn freshly against the fading colors of the prima donna's declining but possessive days —a struggle of youthful vitality and directness against the complexities, the selfishness, the pathos and the unyielding pride of genius past its prime.

Plays about the temperament of great artists have a way of being very much alike in basic material. One expects the hidden romance of former days to turn up, one expects the jealousy of younger stars on the horizon, one expects the scenes of adulation, the inner consciousness of growing weakness and the conflicts with devoted managers. All of this material appears in abundance in "Evensong." But in selection and arrangement, Knoblock has done so well that much of it appears with surprising freshness, and as if it fell naturally into place. He has also introduced into the character of his prima donna the note of violent possessiveness, of a desire to hold exclusively for herself the devotion and even the lives of those immediately around her. It is this possessiveness which gives the basis for her conflict with her young niece, and which makes that conflict something far deeper than the usual struggle between generations.

At full last, and to give the play its real distinction, we have the admirable, varied and beautifully modulated acting of Edith Evans, one of the favorites of the British stage, and the inimitably fresh, spontaneous and forthright performance of Jane Wyatt as the niece. This is Miss Wyatt's first really important rôle on Broadway, and if I am not much mistaken it will serve to place her overnight among the most important younger actresses of the season. She brings to the stage a certain aristocratic simplicity which illuminates the simplest lines and gives them a persuasive reality. The entire cast merits special praise for maintaining a quiet restraint which permits Miss Evans, by contrast, to heighten the emotionalism of her prima donna without the usual exaggerations.

"Evensong" is hardly among the noteworthy plays of the season, but it does have true distinction. (At the Selwyn Theatre.)

# BOOKS

## Justice on Trial

*The Mooney-Billings Report, Suppressed by the Wickersham Commission. New York: Gotham House. $1.50.*

THIS book arises out of a study of the celebrated cases of Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings made by a section of President Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement. Although the report appears under the imprint of a private publisher, there seems to be no question of its authenticity. It was prepared as part of a general survey of the "lawless enforcement of law," but was not included in any of the Commission's authorized publications. This omission led the United States Senate to request a copy of the report, and it is that copy which is the source of the present book. It is to be regretted that the Wickersham Commission did not issue the report officially and thus obviate the distracting ballyhoo over its "suppression." The report is said to be the work of Professor Zechariah Chafee, jr., of the Harvard Law School, Walter H. Pollak of New York City and Carl S. Stern, who acted as consultants with the Commission. This authorship is the hallmark of able, objective analysis and the report deserves attention on that level.

Most newspaper readers know that for the past seventeen years Mooney and Billings have been serving life sentences in a California prison for the murder of victims of a bomb explosion in San Francisco. They also know that radical groups have continued to charge that the men were found guilty because of their radicalism rather than on trustworthy evidence of complicity in the crime. Few remember, however, that the Mediation Commission of the federal government acting at the request of President Wilson investigated the cases and found that grave injustice had been inflicted upon the accused. Few remember that Mooney's sentence was commuted from death to life imprisonment, that his wife was acquitted on facts substantially identical with those upon which he was found guilty, that subsequently one of the state's star witnesses was tried for perjury and the credibility of other witnesses for the state seriously impeached, and that the police captain who investigated the explosion, the judge who presided at Mooney's trial and nine of the ten living Mooney jurors have joined in movements to secure the prisoners' release.

The inclusion of these and other forgotten incidents in the report to the Wickersham Commission has provided an authentic history of the cases not hitherto available. But the report is more significant for its conclusions. The documentation would indicate that the committee has had recourse to every known record in the cases, and on the basis of that exhaustive study, directed and restrained as it must have been by the professional technique of the consultants, the committee finds: (1) No scientific attempt was ever made by the state authorities to discover the perpetrators of the crime. (2) The defendants were arrested, held incommunicado and their homes and effects searched in violation of the statutory laws of California. (3) Identifications of the defendants were accepted by the police and the prosecution without being properly checked and without resort to a "line-up." (4) The prosecution deliberately attempted to arouse public sentiment against the defendants. (5) Information which would seriously have challenged the credibility of the state's witnesses was deliberately concealed by the prosecution. (6) Witnesses for the state were coached in their testimony to a degree that approximated subornation of perjury.

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A report of this kind is a valuable contribution to the study of our institutions. Prepared under an official aegis and written by legal scholars whose intellectual integrity is beyond question, it lifts the Mooney case out of the emotional conflict between conservatives and radicals and makes it food for thought by every serious-minded citizen. The pity need not be that Mooney the Radical is in prison, but the pity must indeed be that American institutions for the administration of justice have become too petrified in ritual to permit redress of a miscarriage affecting any man, whether he be radical or conservative.

RICHARD JOYCE SMITH.

## Our Lady

*Mary of Jerusalem, by Jean Ravennes; translated and adapted by Katherine A. Hennessy. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.*

THIS is a daring book in the sense that it endeavors to portray the life of the Blessed Virgin. There are those who may consider it indelicate and perhaps in questionable taste to draw Mary from the sweet silence in which she moved and to subject her earthly life to the caprices of fictional treatment, as possible of detracting from the exalted position she holds in the minds of the faithful as the Mother of God. But this author's reverent appreciation of the sublimity of his subject precludes such an objection.

M. Ravennes "fills in" the Gospel story, drawing largely upon his imagination for his wealth of interesting detail. Mary he portrays in the triple rôle of virgin, spouse and mother. We see her in her early childhood with her parents, in her eleven years' sojourn in the Temple, in her hidden life with Jesus and Joseph at Nazareth, in her voluntary retirement during Christ's public life and in her submission to sorrow at the foot of the Cross. The author goes on with her life after Christ's ascension, when she "became the center of active and contemplative life in the Cenacle," holding close association with His disciples, helping them to carry on His work and acting "as a mother" to them unto her own death and bodily ascension.

The story is interestingly told. The author excels most in his descriptive passages. He portrays with skill the daily round of life in the homes of Jerusalem against the broad sweep of the Roman Empire and the ominous shadow of the Idumean Herod.

It is a pity that he indulges in an excessive use of apostrophe with a redundance of "oh," "ah," and "alas," interspersing too some fantasies more properly belonging to the realm of poetry, all of which needlessly disrupt and mar the objective value of a narrative otherwise well sustained. For example, in the Crucifixion scene, which is overwritten with gory adjectives, we read: "Oh, the dastardly cowardice of it all!" "Alas, on beholding Him crushed, they knew not what to do." "Oh, the bitterness of her distress!" "Ah, what mother seeing her child. . . ." This renders the writing ineffectual. But if the style is at times too florid, it sometimes has an epic quality as in the author's description of the flight into Egypt, which he paints as an odyssey of pain. Another criticism is that in her girlhood Mary is perhaps drawn too finely as a child of continual ecstatic contemplation. It would seem to this reviewer that she was a being of more active character.

The author has avoided all theological discussion pertinent to his topic, appealing to the heart rather than to the intellect. The treatment is however at all times in keeping with doctrine. M. Ravennes has availed himself of the embellishments which the


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# NEXT WEEK

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR FOREIGN TRADE, by William J. Samels, is an answer to the article by Mr. Pierre Crabitès in the January 11 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, titled, "Why Kill Foreign Trade?" Mr. Crabitès, from personal observation abroad, declared that he found the Department of Commerce duplicating the work of the Consular Service, and annoying potential foreign customers by the preparation of voluminous, bureaucratic reports which were of little effective service to American business men and cost the taxpayers considerable money. Mr. Samels cites evidence for a quite contrary opinion. . . . CATHOLIC SETTLING IN GERMANY, by Max Jordan, tells of the part which Catholics as Catholics are playing in the back-to-the-land movement in Germany, and also of their position in the general movement of getting people back to the land to relieve them from pauperism in the overpopulated industrial centers. . . . NATURE AND THE PROHIBITIONIST, by Eliot Kays Stone, is a compilation of fascinating material on the processes of fermentation as found throughout nature, and the advantages taken of this natural process throughout history by all but the most degenerate races. . . . TWO SHOWS, by Barry Byrne, supports from two current exhibitions the thesis: "Only in architecture have we produced talents of the first order. Our most esteemed painters and sculptors, many of indubitable talent, have been reflective of European art movements, and they are in the main, somewhat lesser editions of European artists of the first rank. In architecture alone, in the work of Louis H. Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, we have led, set standards, and determined forms."

poetry of human traditions has built around Mary, which, if they do not occasionally quite approximate the standard of sublime dignity we accord her as the Mother of God, do withal serve to bring her closer to us as the Mother of Christ our Saviour, which doubtless was the author's intention. In this he has done an admirable and excellent work.

THOMAS F. HEALY.

## The Law

*Carson the Advocate, by Edward Marjoribanks. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.*

IF WE can overcome a distaste for biographies of living men (there is something radically indecent about their premature praise), and if we do not balk at minute detail (there is something radically intolerable about being told the whole of everything), then Mr. Marjoribanks's volume will be of great and permanent value. It is less a personal narrative than a history of the more or less famous trials in which "Carson the Advocate," now Baron Carson of Duncairn, played a leading part. Some of these trials are of little interest to the general reader, and one at least, that of Oscar Wilde, which fills forty-two pages, one would rather forget than remember; but all are of importance in the history of Irish and English litigation, and the triumphant career of a great pleader is a dazzling thing to follow. "Carson," says the author, "could not make a gesture without dignity, or utter a word without weight." His mastery was complete. He might lose a case; he lost one when he defended Dr. Jameson; but even then he won the lifelong friendship of Cecil Rhodes.

In 1892 Carson went to London, a peaceful sojourn after the stormy years in Dublin. He speedily became a power in the courts of law and a very distinguished social lion. His fees were heart-breakingly high, his income £20,000 a year. Yet his heart was not set on wealth, or he would never have accepted the post of solicitor general, thereby gaining much honor and losing a great deal of money. Had he been politically ambitious, he might in 1906 have become prime minister. "Carson is a brilliant orator, and Asquith is a dull dog," was the public's casual way of putting it.

After this one loses touch with him in many pages of dry legalities until he emerges in the last chapter as the champion (there is no other word to use) of young George Archer-Shee, a thirteen-year-old Catholic cadet at Osborne, who had been dismissed on a charge of forgery and stealing. Carson, convinced that this boy had been the victim of circumstantial evidence, and deeply moved by his innocent unhappiness, struggled for two years to have the case reopened. He had to contend with red tape, the presumed immunity of the crown, as represented by the Osborne authorities, and a hostile judge; and he conquered all by the sheer weight of justice. George Archer-Shee, then fifteen and a student at Stonyhurst, was cleared of the charge that had clouded his boyhood. Four years later, being then but nineteen, he fell in one of the first battles of the World War.

This noble episode in Carson's crowded life is the final record in Mr. Marjoribank's volume. The death of the author last April left the work uncompleted and unrevised. There is much slipshod English which should have been, and would have been, cleaned up before the book went to press. Yet the style is clear and virile. There is on page 198 a thoughtful analysis of the Roman gravity which underlies Carson's character that is a model of biographical criticism. Pity it is that the conclusion of the tale is left for another's telling.

AGNES REPPLIER.

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## Literary Memories

*My Friendly Contemporaries, by Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

THESE later memoirs of Hamlin Garland, which continue his chronicle begun in "Roadside Meetings," contain the swan song of an ex-revoltée. Once Garland broke from the genteel tradition, and put what he calls the Middle Border into American writing. He gave expression to a part of American life that had been ignored, and showed the way to writers of the next generation. The National Academy is now the sanctuary of the man who was a pioneer in the American novel. Having turned his back on the vigor of his youth, Garland assumed the attitude of the academic sage and from this advantage viewed the arts with lamentation. He recalls that the giants of yesterday, like the good old days, are gone.

The present volume of things Garland remembers includes the post-war years. He is, however, still writing of Howells, and recalls how Boston in 1884 was exercised over Howells' portrayal of women lacking all that was noble. But he fails to see the modern application of this. It is the trivia of literature that interest him. He is concerned with dining out, visiting the Players, joining the Century Club, his election to the Academy, casually talking with writers and commenting on them.

Steffens, Baruch, Hoover, Roosevelt and Elihu Root are met and commonplacely observed, revealing how high spots in the exciting war days appeared to a casual, retired man of letters. It is a friendly, surface glimpse that is set down, and does not excite the feeling with which he reports his literary prejudices. He is still grieved by "Main Street," though he has a kind word for "Miss Lulu Bett." (Zona Gale is from the Middle Border.) His objections to "Main Street" might also have served the English gentry, in protesting against the novels of Jane Austen, and as valid criticism would have been equally futile in both instances. But practically all modern novelists are distasteful to him, except Ellen Glasgow, whom he knew back in the nineties, and is thereby removed from general disapproval, though her novels are much in the modern temper.

A cheerful note in his remininiscence is provided by his visit to England, where he was welcomed to the company of Shaw, Barrie, Kipling and Conrad and lived pleasantly in Kensington with his family. He expressed his complaint against the modern to Barrie and Kipling. Both informed him: "My dear fellow, that discontent is a disease of our years." To which he replied: "I suppose the old fellows felt the same about our generation." These comments are the epitome of his amicable and crabbed recollections.

EDWIN CLARK.

## Books in Foreign Languages

TO US there come a great many books in other languages, particularly French and German. Some of these are of unusual interest and we regret that lack of space precludes giving each the attention it deserves. We have tried to make a selection from what is on hand and to offer pertinent, if necessarily brief, comment.

During the past year, the Munich Poetry Prize was awarded to Ruth Schaumann, whose work as an artist and poet is known to many in the United States. She is a remarkably versatile woman, as "Amei: Eine Kindheit" suffices to show (Berlin: G. Grote). This book is difficult to compare with any other. It is a sequence of episodes in the life of a very human, imaginative child, related in prose which itself remains childlike. Poetically childlike, that is. Amei does not always observe the

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routine desired by her elders; sometimes her hands and face are dreadfully dirty. She is never quite sure what everything is all about. But her inner life proceeds, affording a glorious panorama of small, delicate but exquisitely amiable adventures. So original and significant a book ought to make friends in this country, though it is difficult to think of its being translated here.

Another German publication of the greatest interest is "Bambuti: Die Zwerge von Kongo," by Paul Schebesta, whom readers of THE COMMONWEAL will remember as the author of several charming articles (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus). A few years ago Father Schebesta went pioneering into the heart of the Belgian Congo in order to make the acquaintance of the Pygmies. He succeeded in finding them, often at the price of long tramps through marshes and underbrush. Nor was it all too difficult for a man like him to establish a measure of intimacy with these strange little creatures. His journey had, to be sure, been motivated by a desire to serve missionary work and ethnological science. But the discoveries were too interesting to keep from the general public. Accordingly Father Schebesta decided to write a book for this public. Here it is—nearly 300 pages crowded with material of the deepest interest, and illustrated with photographs. Few travel books written nowadays have so much new material to offer, and the style is charming.

Few saints have a wider following than Saint Vincent de Paul, whose name is associated in our time with heroic charity. A priest of the Congregation of the Mission, Pierre Coste, has now completed a three-volume biography which is entitled "Monsieur Vincent" (Paris: Desclée de Brouwer et Cie. 90 francs). This is, as Cardinal Verdier declares in an admirably written foreword, a "definitive life." It is complete, critical and scholarly, being particularly notable for the multitude of references to the saint's writings. Thus it is at once the story of a holy life, a history of spirituality during the seventeenth century, and a picture of the times. The author has distinguished carefully between fact and legend, resolutely discarding whatever is merely pious hearsay. Perhaps the most important of the stories which Père Coste disposes of is the legend of Saint Vincent's having taken the place of a galley slave. This, then, is a remarkable and valuable work which, though written with punctilious care, is always lucid and agreeable. Père Coste has devoted his life to the study of Saint Vincent de Paul, and the present work is the summary of his findings.

Of hagiographical interest also is the "Iconographia Albertina," or study of Saint Albertus Magnus in art, prepared by European Dominicans in honor of the canonization of one of their most illustrious doctors (Freiburg: Herder & Co.). This is a collection of pictures derived from many sources, together with a catalogue of all known presentations of Saint Albert, an introductory note by Père Gillet and a commentary by Father Angelus M. Walz. Captions and articles are printed in four languages, so that the volume does not exact a knowledge of foreign languages. It is a beautiful and important publication.

The firm of Desclée de Brouwer, Paris, specializes in philosophical literature. Some recent publications may be noticed briefly here. In the "Bibliothèque Française de Philosophie," which is issued under the direction of Jacques Maritain, there has appeared recently "Le réalisme du principe de finalité," by Père Garrigou-Lagrange, the distinguished Dominican theologian. To a very considerable extent the book is a critique of Le Roy's views of the proofs for the existence of God. More generally speaking, it is a presentation of the classic scholastic argument for the principle of finality. The author argues that "every agent acts for an end," and holds the unity established

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by this principle is as important a guarantee of the rightness of the inductive method as is the principle of efficient cause. The second part of the book offers ethical and religious conclusions, the most important of which is this: the longing for happiness which exists in the human heart is unintelligible unless it expresses a tendency toward the Sovereign Good. While the point of view is traditional, both the writings and the issues involved are distinctly modern.

In the series known as "Questions Disputées" a number of interesting little books have appeared. Of these we shall mention four. "La jurisdiction de l'église sur la cité," by Charles Journet, is a solid little book on the relations between Church and State. The point of view is Dominican, which of course will not be acceptable to everybody. A very modern problem is treated in "La pédagogie scolaire en Russie Sovietique," by Eugène Dévaud. This is an attempt to estimate, in the light of Catholic teaching, the principles which have determined the character of Soviet education. According to the author, there is a direct relationship between the present Russian school system and the philosophy of Communism. "L'ontologie de Vedanta," by G. Dandoy, S.J., first appeared in English. The author is a learned and gifted man who has approached the mystical teachings of the Orient sympathetically though, of course, also critically. His little book is an excellent study of a doctrine which is almost the heart of Hindu philosophy. It cannot be too warmly recommended. "Philosophie des nombres," by R. Le Masson, is a provocative little essay which attempts to establish a definition of number and to comment upon this in a spirit of awareness both of Thomistic philosophy and of modern mathematical thought.

Of genuine interest to Americans is the first-rate biography of a Dominican pioneer, "Le Père Samuel-Charles-Gaetan Mazzuchelli," by Sister Rosemary Crepeau, O.P. (Paris: J. De Gigord). Father Mazzuchelli came to Wisconsin at a time when the morale of the French settlers there had reached a low ebb. Eventually he went to Prairie du Chien and served the vast territory which lies between that town and Galena, Illinois. From here he journeyed up and down the Mississippi, an indefatigable missionary whose sole thought was service to the Faith. Many trials and hardships had to be overcome, and he was always more or less gravely afflicted with nostalgia for his native Italy. But he was proof against weakness; and, as if to prove it, he dreamed of and established a college at Sinsinawa, which is still today served by Dominican Sisters. Such are the annals of a great and noble life. Sister Rosemary has set them forth with attentive regard for the facts and the documents. The book is eminently readable.

Professor Gilbert Chinard has edited, as Cahier V of the Historical Documents of the Institut Français de Washington, "Un Français en Virginie" (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50). This is the travel book of a French Huguenot who, banished from his native land, went to the Virginias and enjoyed himself immensely. The book was originally published at The Hague in 1687, so that is among the first French descriptions of life in the infant United States. It is replete with interesting social information, and besides that affords some insight into the mentality of the author himself. Professor Chinard is probably right, however, in stressing the fact that books such as this, widely read among Huguenots, helped to create the vision of a "transatlantic paradise" which was to prove so important an element of eighteenth-century European culture. The introductory essay is in every sense of the term distinguished. This is also a beautifully printed book.

T. C.

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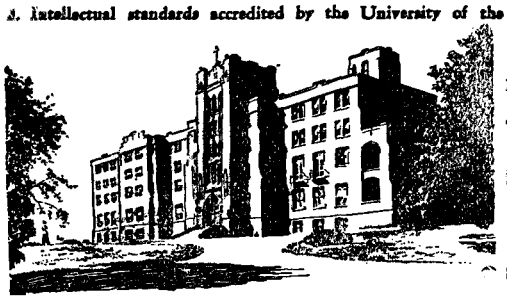
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# Briefer Mention

*The Songs of John Dryden; edited by Cyrus Lawrence Day. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.*

THE RELATIONS between literature and music are being widely discussed without being much better understood. Mr. Day's fine compilation of Dryden's songs is a worth-while contribution to the discussion. First of all, the book is complete, assembling (so far as the present reviewer is able to judge) everything which the poet intended should be sung. It is likewise very competently edited. No pains have been spared to acquaint the reader with the music, numerous facsimiles affording an insight into melodic methods virtually forgotten. In many cases the data have been laboriously dug out of the British Museum. Of the songs themselves there will be many differing opinions. Mr. Day's view seems temperate and intelligent. "Dryden's use of *double entendre* is in accord," he writes, "with the practice of his contemporaries, but it is in bad taste for all that, and the more so because he borrows for the purpose the language of religious inspiration." Yet he was always a poet and usually a good one. One feels that Mr. Day's book merits appreciation.

*Saint Anthony of Padua, by Alice Curtayne. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press. Library edition, $1.25; in wrappers, $.75.*

MISS CURTAYNE'S little book is more commentary than life: the merest outline, the merest graph of the saint's life is here given, but though the comment on that life is more extensive than the biographical matter itself, it, too, is suggestive rather than exhaustive. At times rather too rational, bordering on the controversial for the very level-headedness with which the exclusion of the controversial is sought; impersonal where illuminating suggestions of the processes of the saint are most eagerly awaited; hardly quite free of the influence of the methods employed by Strachey in writing of more worldly personages; summary, eschewing both the risk of a great fervor and the treachery of too great reserve, it is as a handbook that it must be judged. Nevertheless, it does not dismiss from one's mind the possibility of a substantial and a luminous life of Saint Anthony from the pen of Miss Curtayne, nor does it dull the appetite for an exhaustive, fully documented, illuminatingly sympathetic, profound and stirring "life."

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